

ALT.TUDE



THE CADET



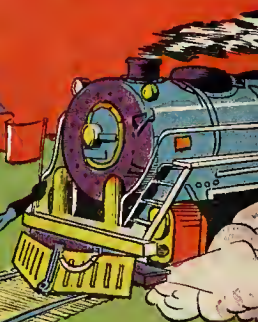
CHAMELEON

May

# TARGET COMICS

10¢

T  
A  
R  
G  
E  
T



Vol. 3  
No. 3





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

*It is time for an analysis of the comic polls we have been receiving from so many of you. Yes, Target and his Targeteers are right there in the first place of general favor; but Kit Carter, The Cadet, is giving Target stiff competition. For a while your Editors were ready to place fifty-fifty bets on these two and The Cadet rooters haven't given up yet. As for Pete Stockbridge—he has been coming up fast and there's no doubt about his popularity.*

*It is very difficult to classify each of the other strips, because they all have their ardent followers—and that is an interesting point which proves our constant emphasis on variety. When a reader likes a strip, his enthusiasm seems to have no bounds. We are glad that in spite of the great number of individuals reading our comic, each one of them has found a favorite in at least one of TARGET's characters.*

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

All the TARGET features are interesting, but my favorite is Bull's-Eye Bill. Since I live out here in the middle of a great cattle country, I naturally like all things western. My daddy was a rancher for many years, and he can spot a defect in a western cartoon or movie quicker'n a steer can throw a tenderfoot. And when he says Bull's-Eye Bill has true western flavor, you can bet your last peso it's the real thing.

So keep TARGET coming just like it is and I'll keep reading it. I'll be seeing you again next month, and until then—

So long, pard,  
B. D. Liles  
Seagraves, Texas

—(Many thanks to you, "pard," for this word of praise.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

My choice as the best story in the TARGET Comics is Pete Stockbridge, because it is so full of unexpected happenings which take you by surprise. The other stories are quite interesting, also, but I think it would be very nice if a special comic magazine was published containing all the

happenings and adventures which occur to Pete Stockbridge.

My school friends and I have chosen TARGET Comics as the most interesting comic on the stands because it is so delightful to read, and the pictures are very realistic.

Yours very truly,  
Grace H. Romeo  
Washington, D. C.

—(More praise for Pete, the Chameleon.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have read many comic magazines and TARGET is one of the best. I like it because it has such a great variety of stories. There are only two things wrong with TARGET.

The first thing is the cover. The way you make it one would think the Target was the only character in the magazine. How about having a different character on your cover every month.

The other thing is that there isn't enough Bull's-Eye Bill. He is next to the best in Target Comics. The best is the Target and the Targeteers.

A TARGET reader,  
Arthur Dandoy  
Butler, Pennsylvania

—(We agree that covers should show a variety of characters, Arthur, and

you will note that TARGET covers now do this.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January issue (1942) of TARGET Comics, and boy, did I get a kick out of every story. The stories I like best are The Cadet, Chameleon, and The Target and The Targeteers. Every time I read TARGET, The Cadet seems to be longer and better. Our gang has named our club "The Cadet's Club." We have three radios and two microphones. Every time we buy TARGET we put on an act over the radio for our club and neighbors. They all crowd around the radio to listen. We make them pay 3 cents each. That's how I buy my TARGET. Our gang would sure be grateful, if you would only add two more pages to The Cadet.

Thank you,  
Theodore Elizondo  
Salt Lake City, Utah

—(More power to your club and its radio performances, Theodore. You get a "kick" out of TARGET. The Editors get a "kick" from hearing about the many different ways our readers show their enthusiasm.)

**\$1.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED**

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



# The CADET

Featuring  
**KIT  
CARTER**

**BLAM!!**

**P**ROFESSOR NORTON,  
A CHEMISTRY  
TEACHER AT  
DAUNTON MILITARY  
ACADEMY, HAS  
DISAPPEARED!  
"WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED TO  
THE PROFESSOR?  
IS THE QUESTION  
ON THE MIND  
OF EACH CADET,  
INCLUDING  
KIT CARTER  
AND HIS CHUM,  
DAN MERRY...  
DO YOU  
KNOW?"

KAPITAN  
AND  
JORDAN

WONDER WHEN PROFESSOR  
NORTON IS GOING  
TO SHOW UP?

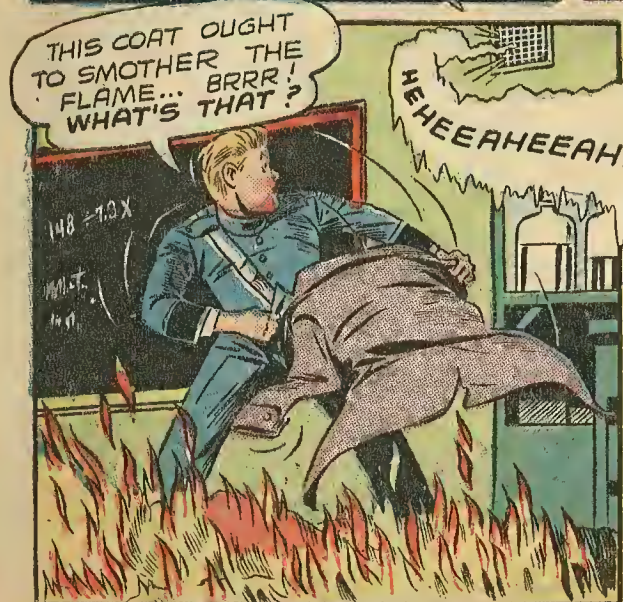
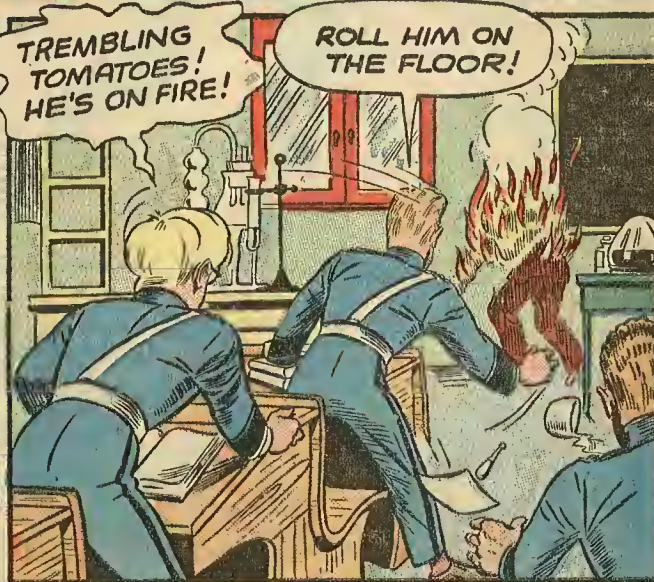
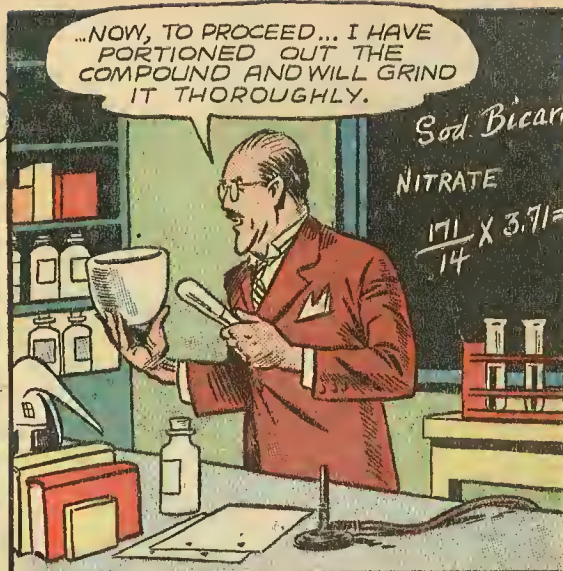
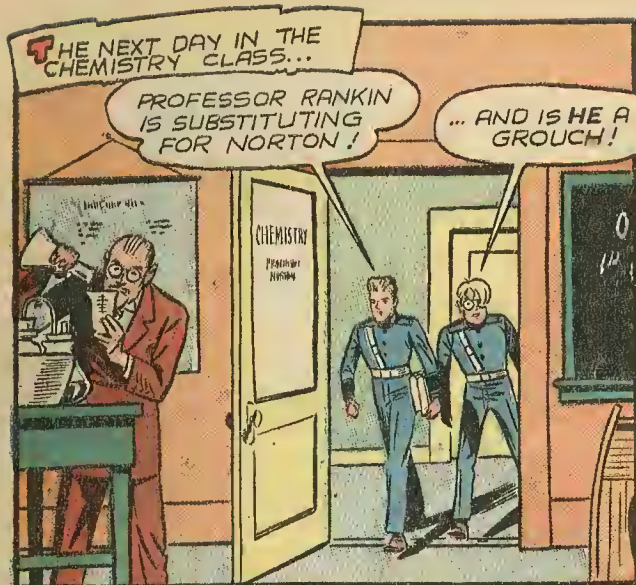
YEAH!  
HE WOULD  
DISAPPEAR JUST  
WHEN MY CHEMISTRY  
HAS IMPROVED!

THAT MAN... HIS  
FACE, HE  
HAS NONE!  
MERRY... LOOK!

HUH? WHAT?  
ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
KIT?

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 3, No. 3, May 1942, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., Copyright, 1942, by Funnies Incorporated, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 5, 1939 at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine.

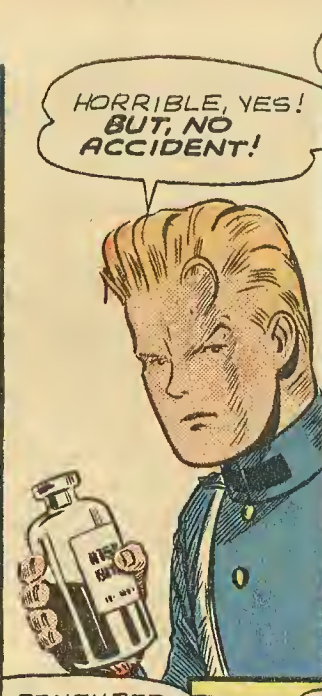




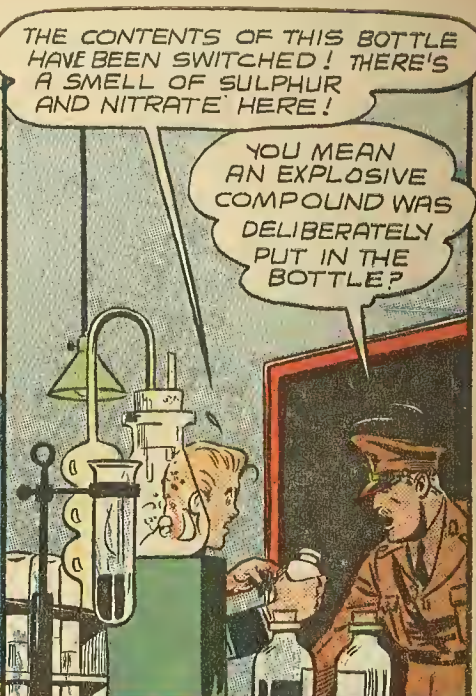




YOU SAY THE CHEMICALS  
SUDDENLY EXPLODED?  
HORRIBLE! A TERRIBLE  
ACCIDENT!

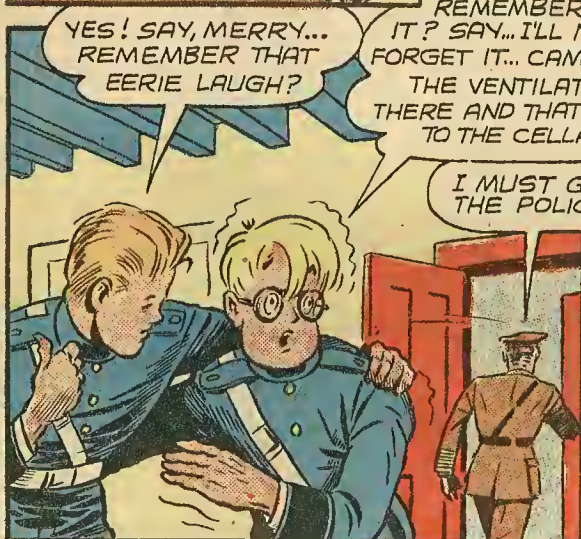


HORRIBLE, YES!  
BUT, NO  
ACCIDENT!



THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOTTLE  
HAVE BEEN SWITCHED! THERE'S  
A SMELL OF SULPHUR  
AND NITRATE HERE!

YOU MEAN  
AN EXPLOSIVE  
COMPOUND WAS  
DELIBERATELY  
PUT IN THE  
BOTTLE?



YES! SAY, MERRY...  
REMEMBER THAT  
EERIE LAUGH?

REMEMBER  
IT? SAY... I'LL NEVER  
FORGET IT... CAME FROM  
THE VENTILATOR  
THERE AND THAT LEADS  
TO THE CELLAR!

I MUST GET  
THE POLICE!



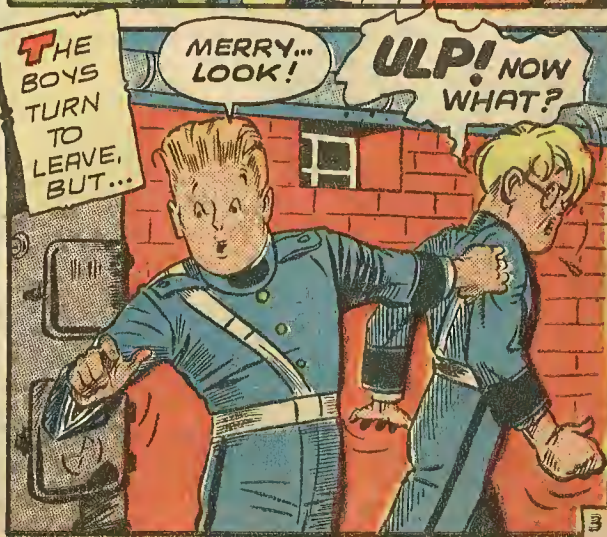
WONDER WHO'D WANT  
TO KILL RANKIN?

ASK THE  
QUIZ  
KIDS!



NO ONE  
HERE!

THEN, LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
H-HERE!



THE  
BOYS  
TURN  
TO  
LEAVE,  
BUT...

MERRY...  
LOOK!

ULP! NOW  
WHAT?





GALLOPING  
GHOSTS!  
IT'S A HAND!

GET BUSY WITH  
A SHOVEL! WE'RE  
GOING TO MINE  
A BODY... I  
THINK!



NOW I KNOW HOW A  
GRAVE DIGGER  
FEELS... ONLY I FEEL  
WORSE!

KEEP  
SHOVELING!



PROFESSOR  
NORTON...  
STRANGLER!

K-KIT  
LET'S BEAT IT!  
I FEEL  
SICK!



FIRST RANKIN... THEN  
NORTON, AND BOTH  
CHEMISTRY TEACHERS!

IF THIS  
KEEPS UP  
WE WON'T  
HAVE TO  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
PASSING  
THE "CHEM"  
TESTS!



L-LOOK!

RIGHT, MY  
SCHOLARS!

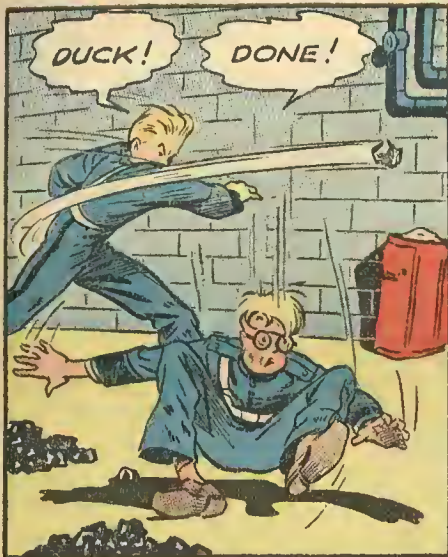


HIS FACE!  
THERE IS  
NONE!

THE MAN  
WE SAW  
LAST  
NIGHT!

NO FACE,  
INDEED! HAH!  
BUT YOU'LL SEE  
IT YET... YOU'LL  
SEE IT!  
AND WHEN YOU  
DO, YOU'LL  
DIE!  
HAH! HEE!





DUCK!

DONE!



THE  
COAL  
STRIKES  
TRUE!

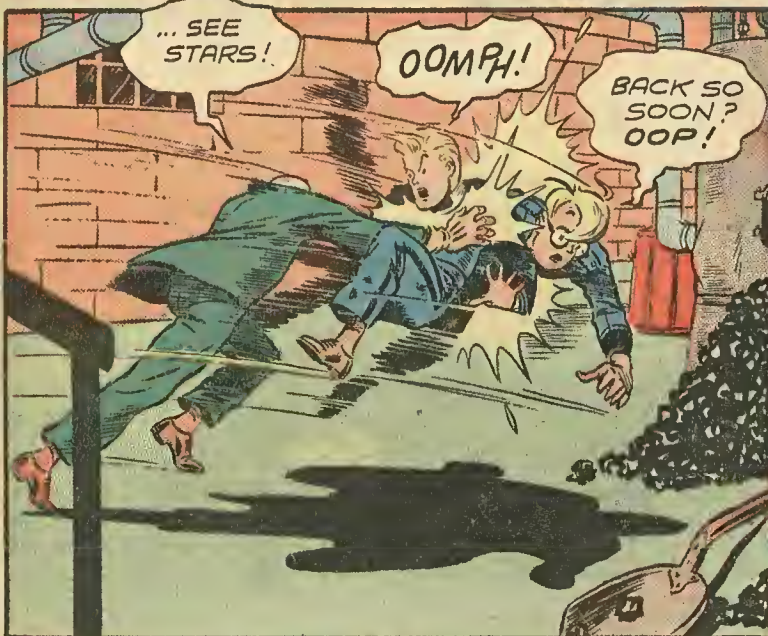
KLUNK!

AT THE SAME TIME, KIT LEAPS!



BRIGHT BOY, EH?  
YOU SHOULD...

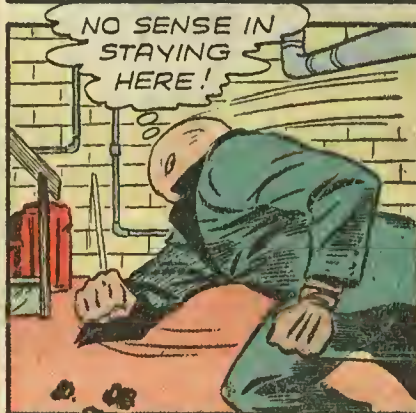
LET'S  
GET  
HIM!



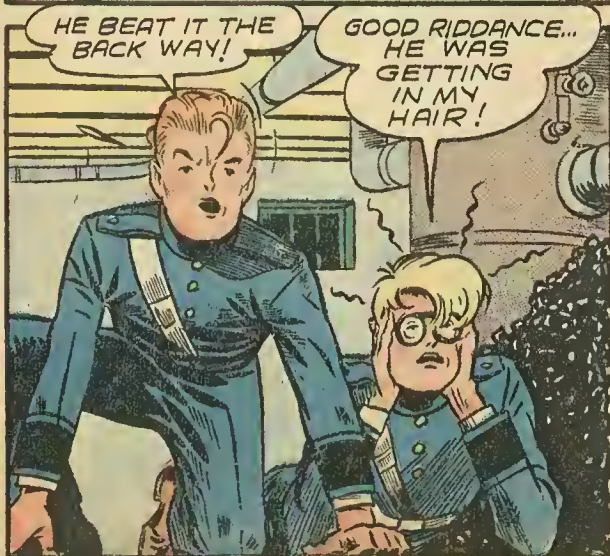
... SEE  
STARS!

OOMP!

BACK SO  
SOON?  
OOP!



NO SENSE IN  
STAYING  
HERE!



HE BEAT IT THE  
BACK WAY!

GOOD RIDDANCE...  
HE WAS  
GETTING  
IN MY  
HAIR!

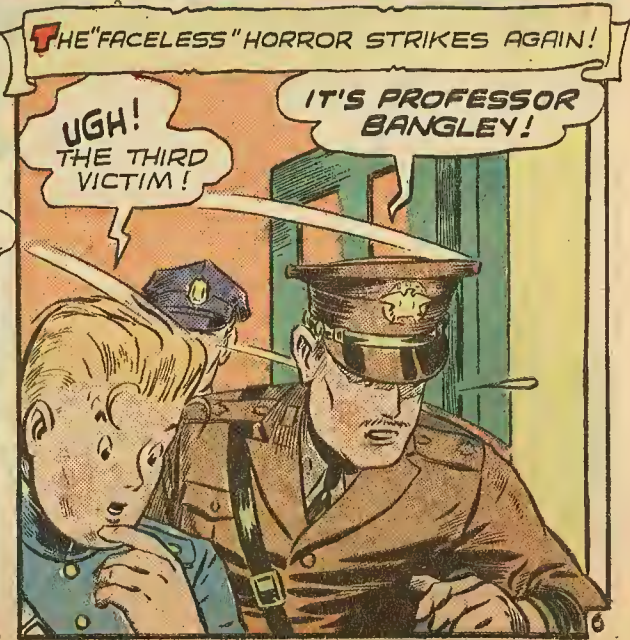
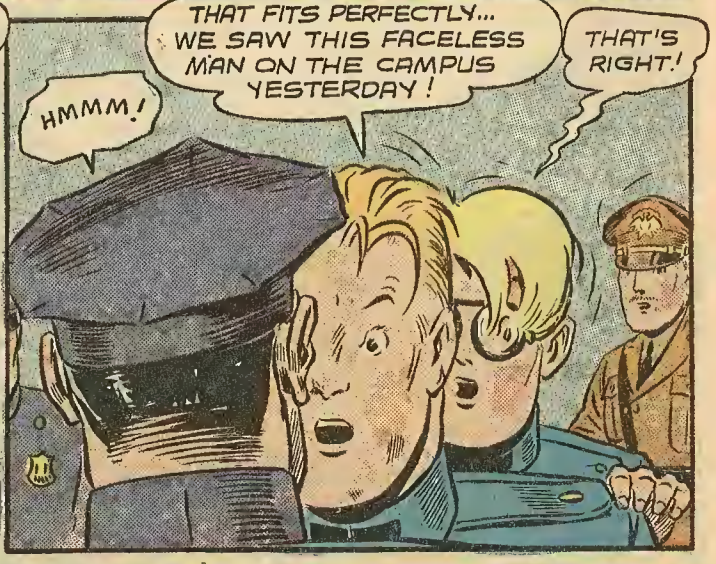


HMM...  
HIS  
GUN!

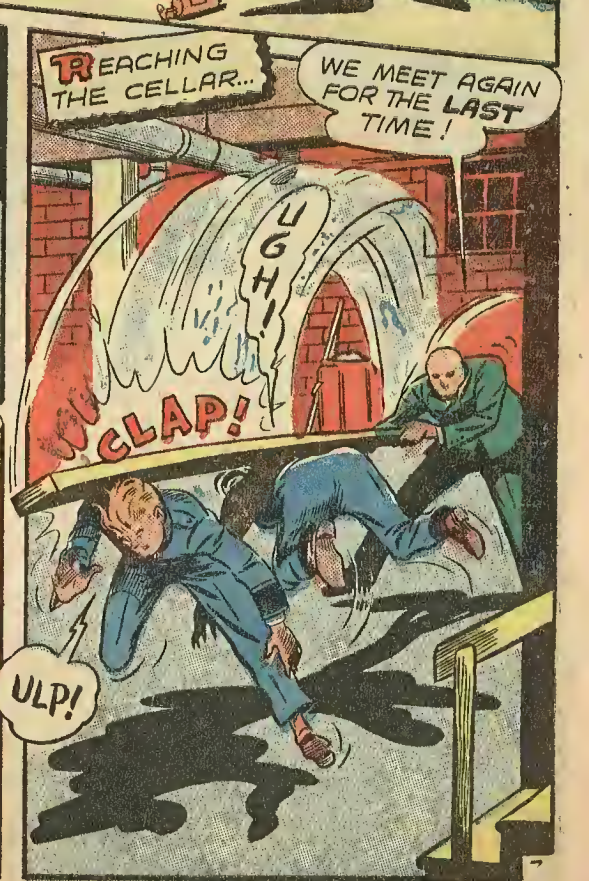
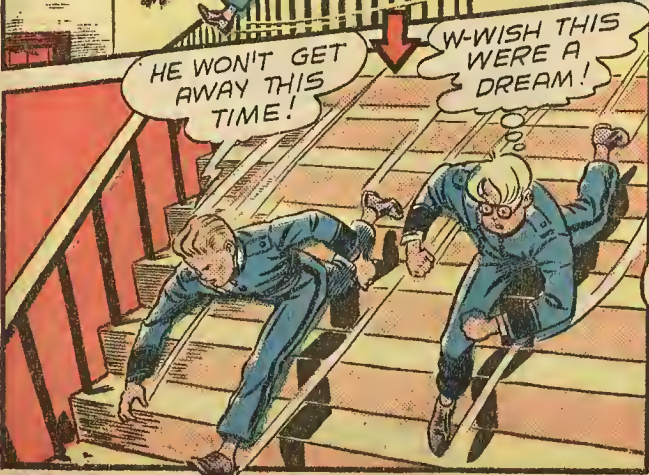
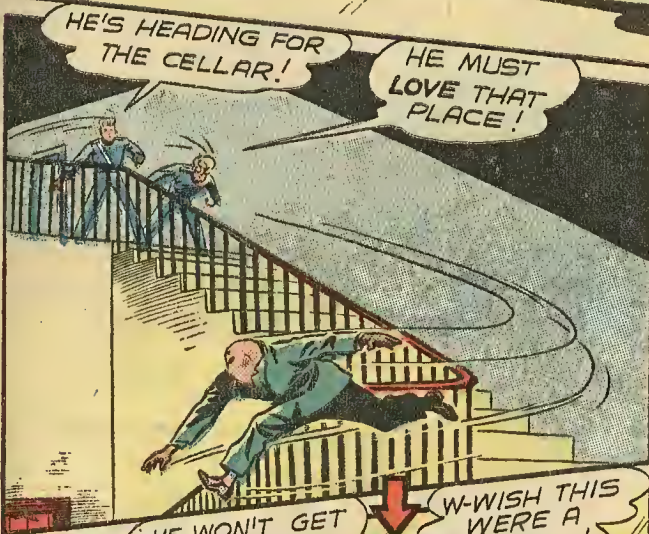
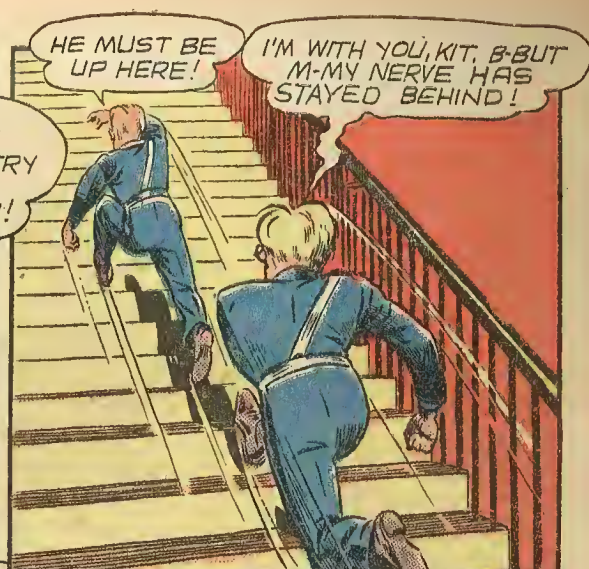
WE HAVE THE EVIDENCE...  
BUT NO MURDERER...  
YET! I'D HATE TO MEET  
THAT GUY AT A  
MASQUERADE BALL.  
HE'D BE THE DEATH  
OF THE PARTY!



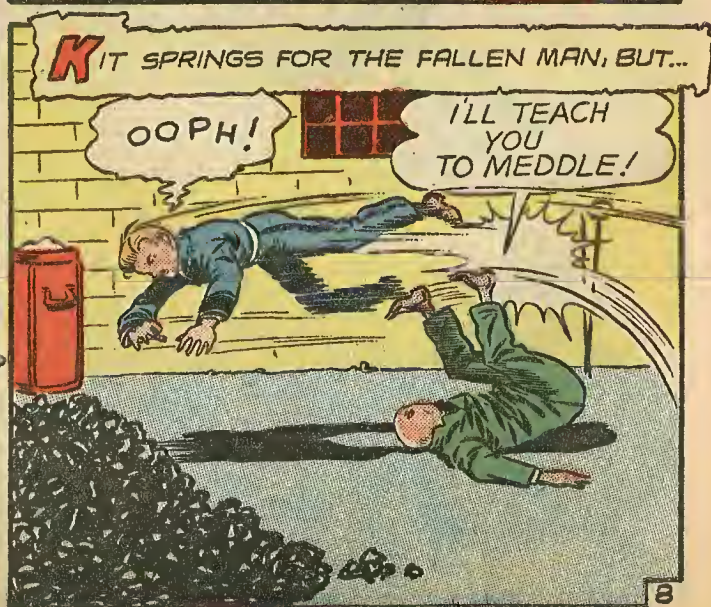
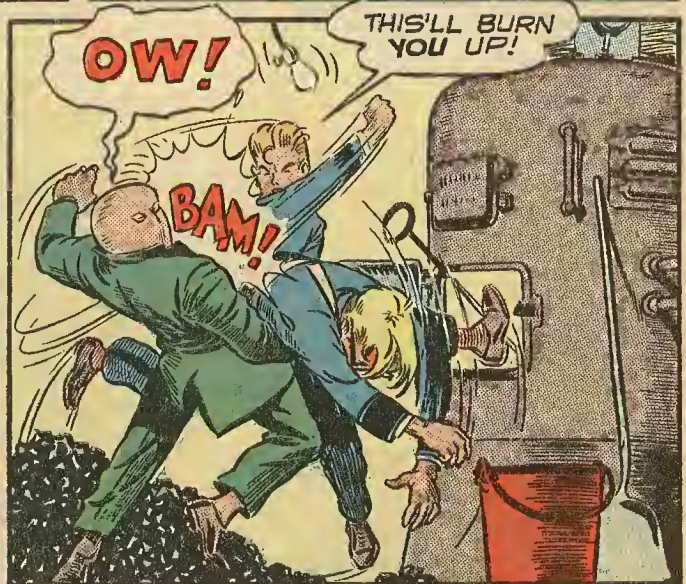
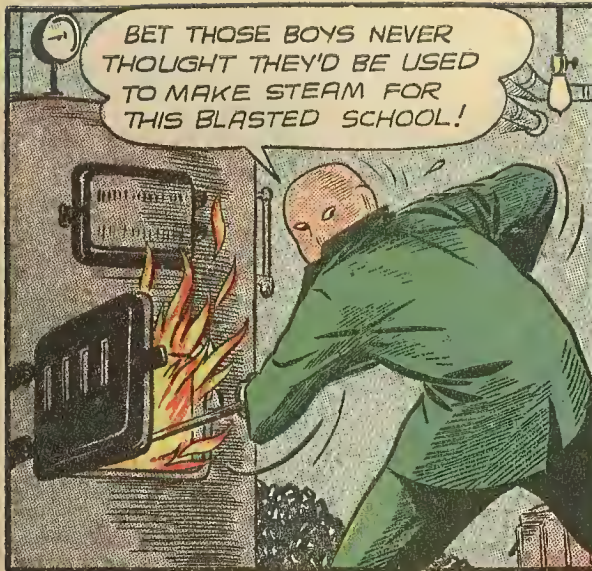
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, UPSTAIRS...



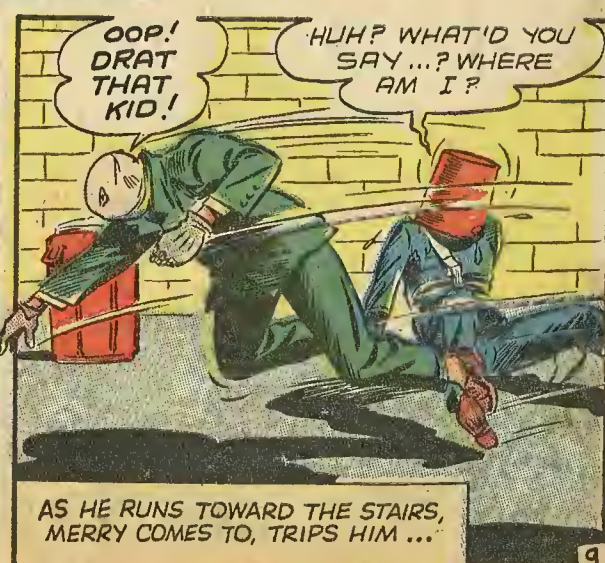
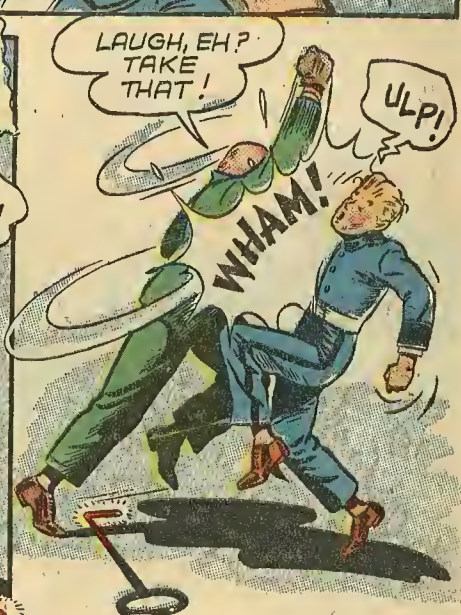
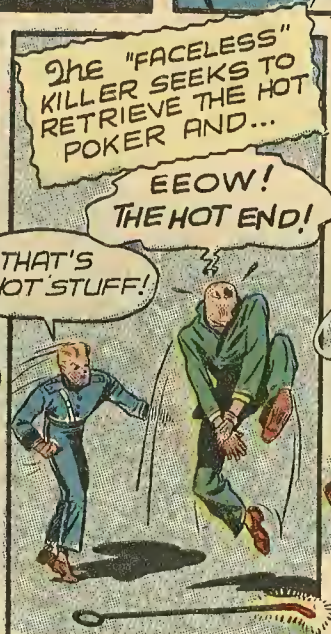
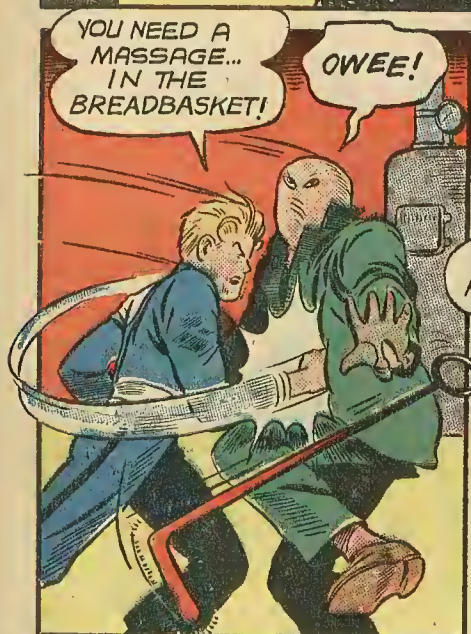
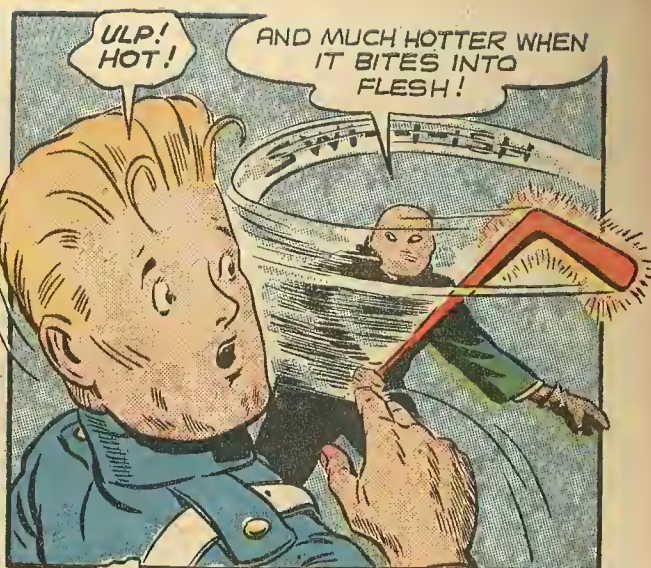




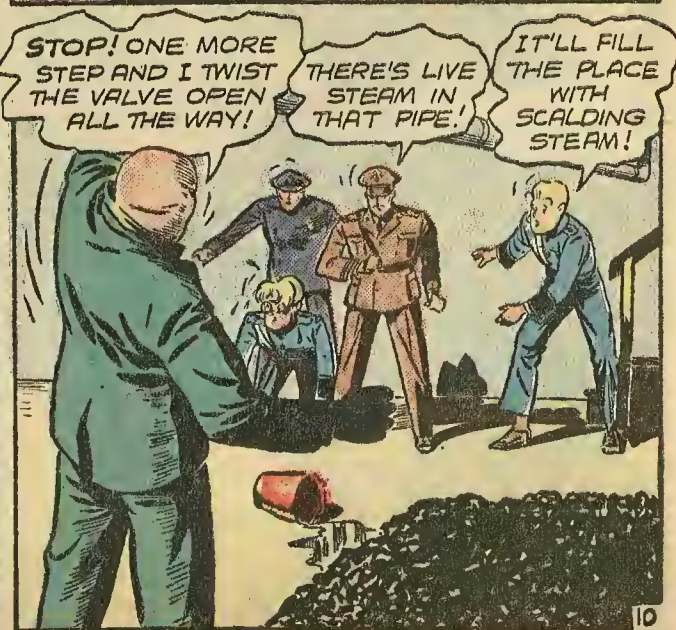
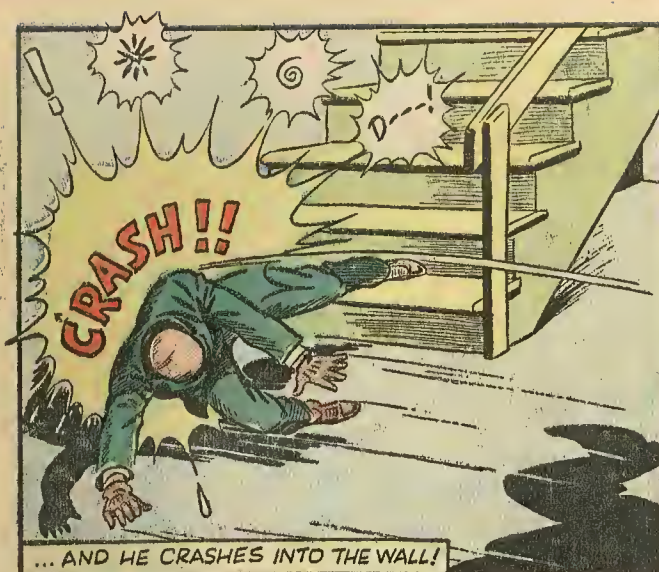








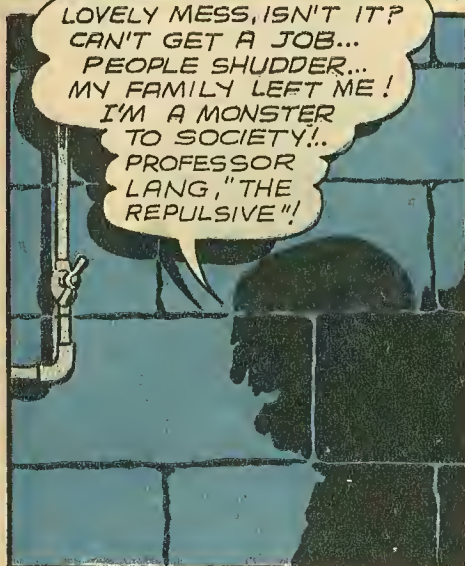








...AND NOW, GENTLEMEN... THE WONDER OF THE CENTURY! THE MOST GRUESOME FACE YOU EVER SAW... THEN... DEATH!



LOVELY MESS, ISN'T IT? CAN'T GET A JOB... PEOPLE SHUDDER... MY FAMILY LEFT ME! I'M A MONSTER TO SOCIETY... PROFESSOR LANG, "THE REPULSIVE"!



I'VE LIVED LIKE A BEGGAR SINCE! FOR TEN YEARS! AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY REVENGE, I'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR!



THE "FACELESS" MAN SLOWLY REMOVES HIS SKIN-LIKE MASK... THERE IS AN UNEARTHLY SILENCE!

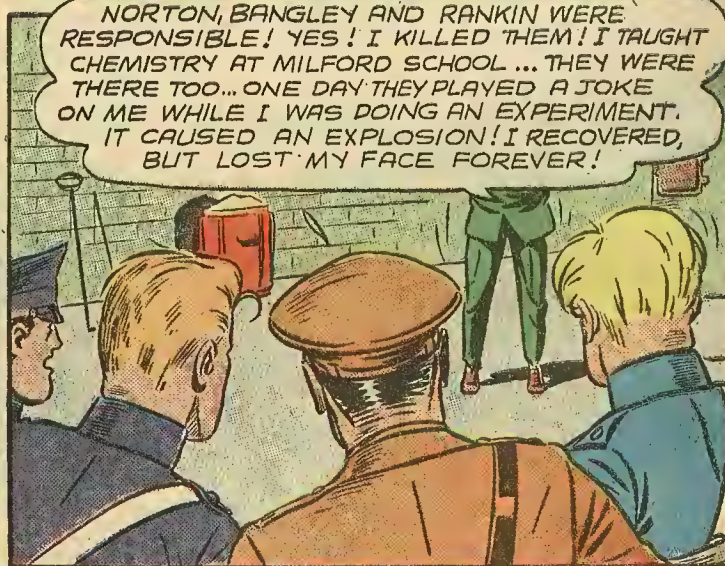
AGHRR! GHASTLY!

GENTLEMEN... MY FACE IS MY MOTIVE!

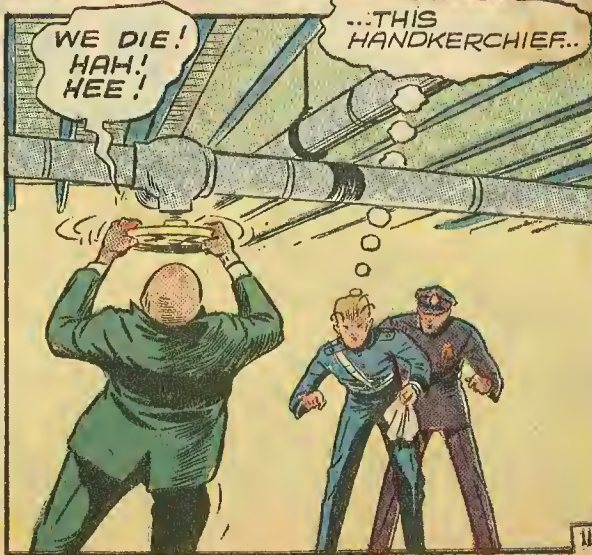
MOTHER MACREE! WHAT A FACE!

WHEW!

GULPING GOLDFISH!



NORTON, BANGLEY AND RANKIN WERE RESPONSIBLE! YES! I KILLED THEM! I TAUGHT CHEMISTRY AT MILFORD SCHOOL... THEY WERE THERE TOO... ONE DAY THEY PLAYED A JOKE ON ME WHILE I WAS DOING AN EXPERIMENT. IT CAUSED AN EXPLOSION! I RECOVERED, BUT LOST MY FACE FOREVER!



WE DIE! HAH! HEE!

...THIS HANDKERCHIEF..





A RUN...  
A LEAP, AND ..... KERASH INTO HIM!



**BLAM!**



UGHRR! THAT FACE! IT  
GIVES ME THE  
CREEPING  
JEEPERS!

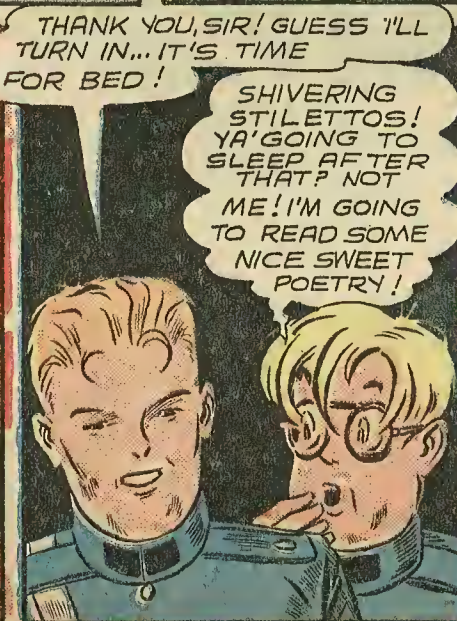


BETTER MASK YOU...  
YOU MIGHT SCARE  
THE JUDGE!

NICE  
WORK,  
BOYS!



KIT... MERRY... THIS IS  
SOMETHING I'LL  
NEVER FORGET 'YOU  
BOYS PERSONIFY  
THE TRUE  
DAUNTON SPIRIT!



THANK YOU, SIR! GUESS I'LL  
TURN IN... IT'S TIME  
FOR BED!

SHIVERING  
STILETTOS!  
YA' GOING TO  
SLEEP AFTER  
THAT? NOT  
ME! I'M GOING  
TO READ SOME  
NICE SWEET  
POETRY!

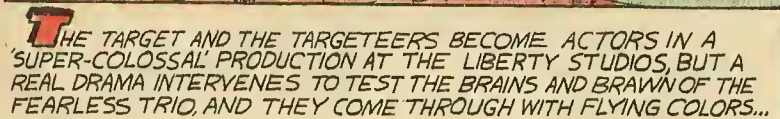
**ROLL THE DRUMS!  
BLOW THE  
BUGLES!**

**FOR,  
KIT  
CARTER,  
THE CADET,**

WILL BE BACK  
WITH ANOTHER  
FAST-MOVING  
ADVENTURE  
NEXT  
ISSUE!



# TARGETERS



A red Volkswagen Beetle is shown driving on a road. A speech bubble coming from the car says "HELP! HELP!". Another speech bubble, coming from a cloud-like shape, says "GET IN HERE, YOU!". In the background, there is a tall, yellow building with many windows.

by SID GREENE



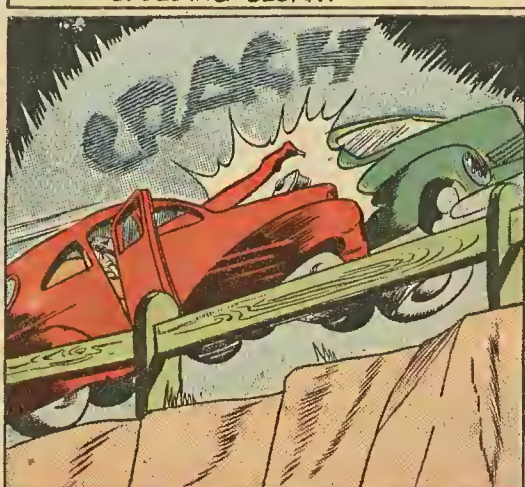
**NILES RACES TO HIS CAR.**



**WITH A BURST OF SPEED, THE TARGET PULLS AHEAD OF THE ABDUCTORS' CAR ...**



**... AND SWERVES IN FRONT OF THE SPEEDING SEDAN!**



HEY, MUGGSY, KAP IS DEAD!

LOOK! -THE **TARGET**!



**THE TARGET SAILS INTO THE HOODLUMS!**

LEAVING SO SOON, SWEET? STICK AROUND!

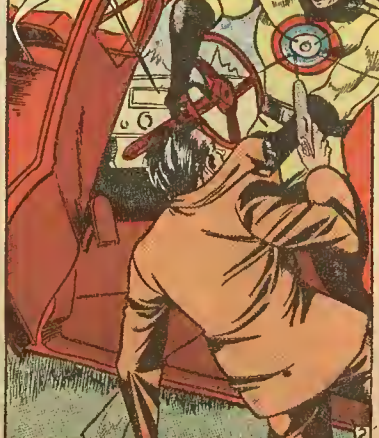


SHOOT HIM, MUGGSY, SHOOT HIM!



B-BULLETS B-BOUNCING! AGGHH!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MEETING WITH SUCCESS, MUGGSY!







THE NEXT DAY...

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

# TARGET RESCUES BLANA BARNER

TARGET LEAVES WITH A KISS FROM MISS BARNER

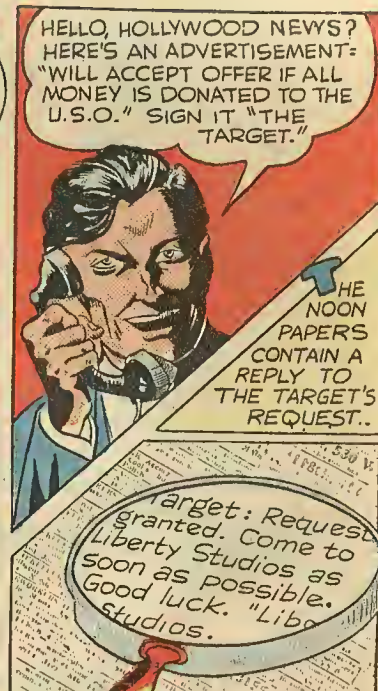
CALLS TARGET "ADORABLE"

POLICE NAB UNCONSCIOUS KIDNAPPERS

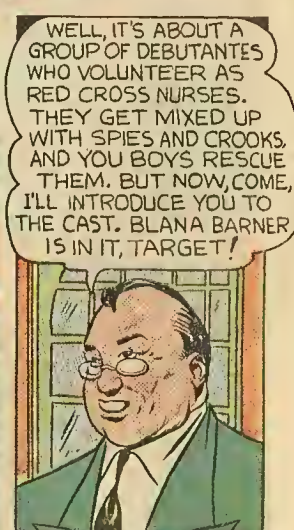
3



# B BREAKFAST AT NILES REED'S APARTMENT.



# A ARRIVING AT THE STUDIO, NILES, TOM, AND DAVE ARE GREETED BY MR. HART, OWNER OF LIBERTY STUDIOS.





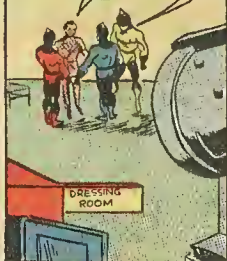
WITH CONSUMMATE EASE, THE FAMOUS TRIO EXECUTES THE PERILOUS SCENE.



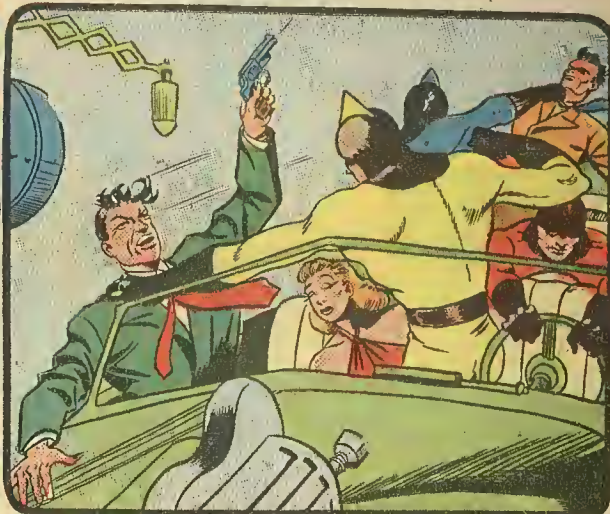
OH, TARGET, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!

NOW, HAVE YOU GOT THIS SCENE STRAIGHT?

YES, LET'S GO!



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS DO THEIR NEXT PARTS PERFECTLY.



NOW, IN THIS SCENE, TARGET, YOU SAVE THEM FROM THE CROOKS. AND-- HA, HA! DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL SHOOT BLANKS!

WHAT?



NOTHING DOIN'! EITHER REAL BULLETS ARE USED, OR WE QUIT!

BLANKS? WHO D'YOU THINK WE ARE?

YEAH?



ANOTHER BREATHTAKING SCENE IS COMPLETED FLAWLESSLY.



WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, FOLKS! TARGET, YOU'LL GET DIALOGUE TOMORROW. SHOOTING STARTS AT 8 A.M.

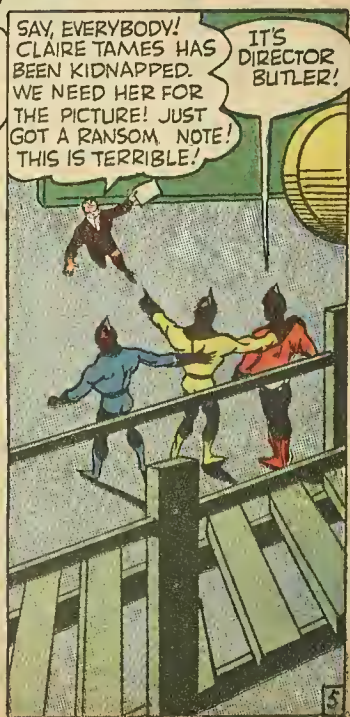
BOY! I DIDN'T KNOW MOVIE WORK WAS SO HARD!



THE NEXT MORNING, EIGHT O'CLOCK.....

SAY, EVERYBODY! CLAIRE TAMES HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED. WE NEED HER FOR THE PICTURE! JUST GOT A RANSOM NOTE! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

IT'S DIRECTOR BUTLER!







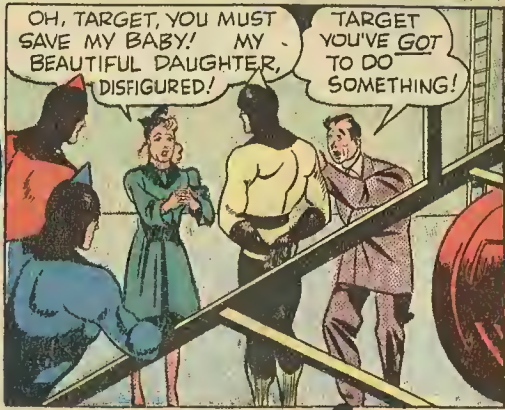
OH, I THINK SOMEONE IS KIDDING.

NO! NO! HERE - READ IT FOR YOURSELF!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Check \$50,000 in suitcase at railroad station by six P.M. or Claire Tames will be disfigured.

THE MAKE-UP ARTIST COMES ONTO THE SET WITH CLAIRE TAMES' MOTHER ...



OH, TARGET, YOU MUST SAVE MY BABY! MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, DISFIGURED!

TARGET YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



WE'LL SEE MR. HART. HE MUST PAY THE MONEY!



SO YOU SEE, TARGET, LIBERTY PRODUCTIONS PUT EVERY CENT INTO YOUR PICTURE, HOPING IT'LL BE A HIT AT THE BOX OFFICE. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE PRACTICALLY BROKE!

WELL, THAT'S A BIG HELP! AND THE POLICE. HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE! HMM!



WELL, DON'T SIT THERE! CALL THE 'G'MEN! CALL THE POLICE! FIND OUT IF THEY'VE FOUND ANYTHING SINCE!



THE DEADLINE IS PASSED.

A MESSENGER BOY DELIVERS AN ENVELOPE TO MR. HART IN HIS OFFICE.



OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT'S A PICTURE OF CLAIRE! IT'S HORRIBLE! WHERE DID YOU PICK THIS UP, SON!

IT WAS LEFT AT THE OFFICE WITH THIS NOTE, SIR!

NOTE? WHAT NOTE?

HERE.



LOOK! CLAIRE TAMES DISFIGURED, AND NOW A THREAT TO BORGIA BARRELL!

WOW! \$100,000! THESE GUYS TALK IN TELEPHONE NUMBERS!

I'LL GET THE BOYS!



WE CAN'T LET THEM MUTILATE HER AS THEY DID MISS TAMES. BOYS! I HAVE AN IDEA! BLANA CAN HELP US!...



..OF COURSE YOU'LL BE TAKING A RISK...

YOU SEE, ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS LET THE KIDNAPERS GET WIND OF THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE NO POLICE PROTECTION--IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'LL BE THE "BAIT."

IF YOU'RE LOOKING AFTER ME, TARGET, IT'S A DEAL!



HOLLYWOOD NEWS, MAY 31 1942

STUDIO  
GOSSIP  
by Gilly Gil  
BARNER

BLANA BARNER  
TODAY REFUSED  
POLICE PRO-  
TECTION, SAY-  
ING: "I'M NOT  
AFRAID OF  
THIS COWARD-  
LY CRIMINAL."

[illegible]

**B**UT, IN THE  
PRIVACY OF HER  
HOME, BLANA  
BEGINS TO SHOW  
HER FEAR.

OH, I **DO** HOPE  
NOTHING GOES  
WRONG! OH,  
TARGET, DO  
YOUR STUFF!

OUTSIDE, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS, TRUE TO THEIR WORD, ARE WATCHING CAREFULLY.

THAT'S  
THEM!

QUIET, WE DON'T  
WANT THEM TO  
HEAR US!

THEY'RE  
GOIN'  
INSIDE...

BOY! THEY'RE  
SURE STEPPING  
ON IT!

SHE'S A  
LITTLE  
TIGER.

YEAH, SHE BIT  
ME! GET HER  
IN THE CAR!

I HOPE THEY PAY UP  
FOR YOUR SAKE, BABY,  
IT'D BE A SHAME TO  
CUT YOUR PRETTY FACE UP!

YOU DOG!

NOT TOO  
CLOSE, TOM!  
WE DON'T  
WANT 'EM TO  
SEE US!

**B**LANA IS BLINDFOLDED,  
AND THE CAR SPURTS  
FOREWARD...

THEY'RE STOPPING!  
STOP! QUICKLY!  
WE CAN SEE WHERE  
THEY GO FROM  
HERE!

RIGHT!

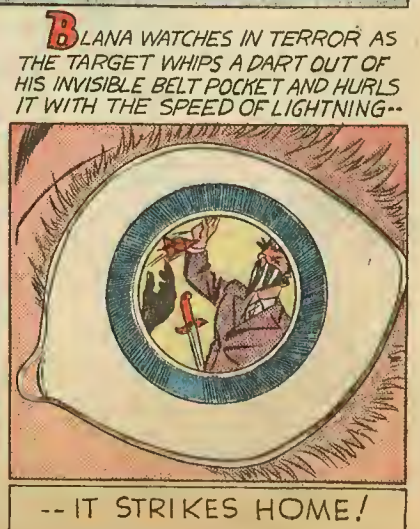
SHE  
FAINTED!

WAKE HER UP!  
I WANT HER TO  
WITNESS THIS NEXT  
OPERATION AND  
DESCRIBE IT IN A  
NOTE TO HART!  
HA, HA, HA!

-- AND THE  
GIRL IS  
DRAGGED  
INSIDE --

**THEY SEE THE KIDNAPPERS PULL UP TO AN UNUSED HOLLYWOOD RESIDENCE ...**









# THE CRIMINAL IS UNMASKED!

BLANA! IT'S EASTLITTLE! THE MAKE-UP ARTIST! I-I-CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE SEEMED TO BE SO PEACEFUL AND GENTLE

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF! UNTIE ME, PLEASE, TARGET!

SAY, BOYS, LOOK AROUND FOR CLAIRE TAMES WHILE I UNTIE THE GIRLS!

O.K., TARGET!

HERE SHE IS, TARGET!

OH, CLAIRE! HOW COULD THE BEAST DO A THING LIKE THAT TO YOU?

UNTIE ME, PLEASE!

LOOK! ONLY MAKE-UP, GIRLS! SEE? I CAN WIPE IT OFF.... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU! AND THE TARGETEERS!

CLAIRE, DID YOU KNOW THAT EAST-LITTLE WAS BEHIND ALL THIS?

YES--I FOUND OUT ACCIDENTALLY--SO, INTENDING TO KILL ME, HE EXPLAINED THAT HE WANTED TO BANKRUPT THE STUDIO AND BUY IT FOR HIMSELF!

IS ALL THIS TRUE, EASTLITTLE?

Y-YES--BUT I DIDN'T INTEND TO HARM THEM-- I--I--

OH, TARGET, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!

YOU, DARLING BOY!

TARGET, I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!

EASY, GALS!

OH, WELL, I GUESS WE'RE NOTHING BUT STEP-CHILDREN, TOMMY!

YEAH, DAVE, I MIGHT AS WELL CALL THE POLICE...

THESE GALS! TCH-TCH!

THE TARGETEERS RETURN WITH PRINCESS HOHOHUE IN NEXT MONTH'S TARGET COMICS!



# SPECK

# SPOT

and

# SIS..

HOW'S A FELLER GONNA  
HAVE ANY FUN WITH A  
KID SISTER SPYIN' ON  
HIS EVERY MOVE?  
HUH?

NERTS!

Speck is a  
Bad Boy

Speck loves

My diary  
by  
SPECK

VINCENT

YIP-EE! SPRING IS HERE AGAIN  
AND I FEEL LIKE DOING  
THINGS IN A BIG WAY!

POP

COME ON! KNUCKLE DOWN!  
KNUCKLE DOWN!

ANY TIME YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE  
MARBLES TO LOSE, CALL ME!  
TA-TA!

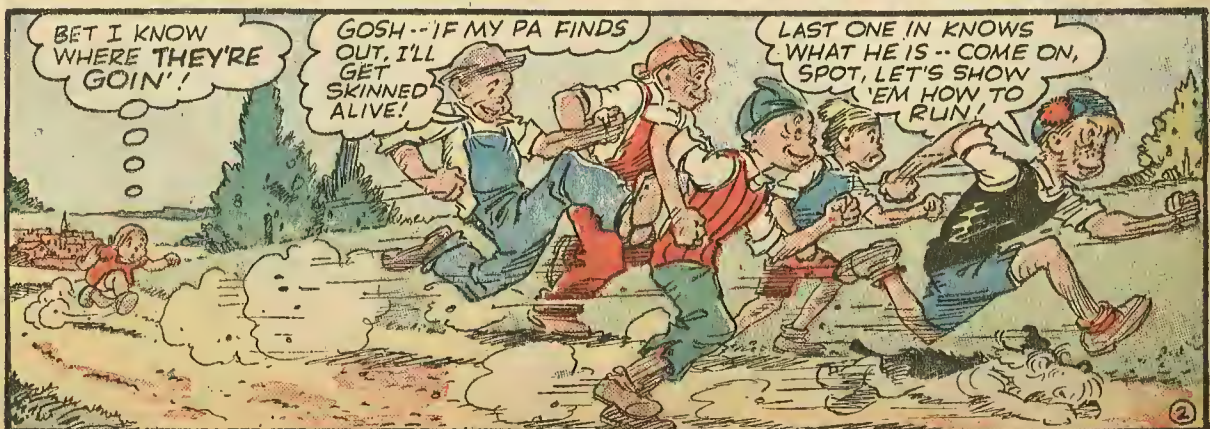
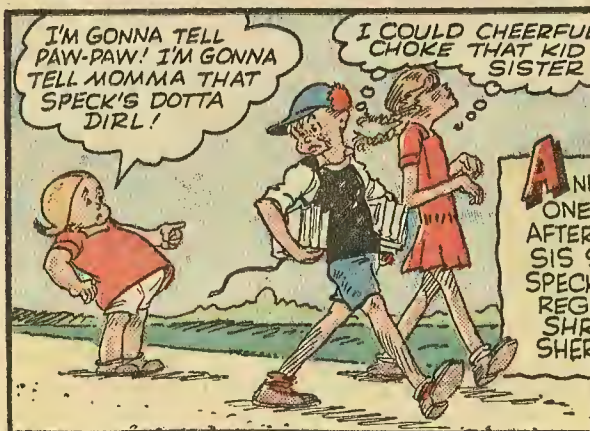
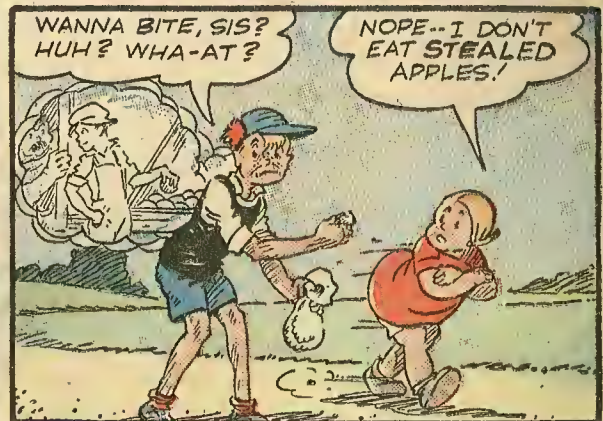
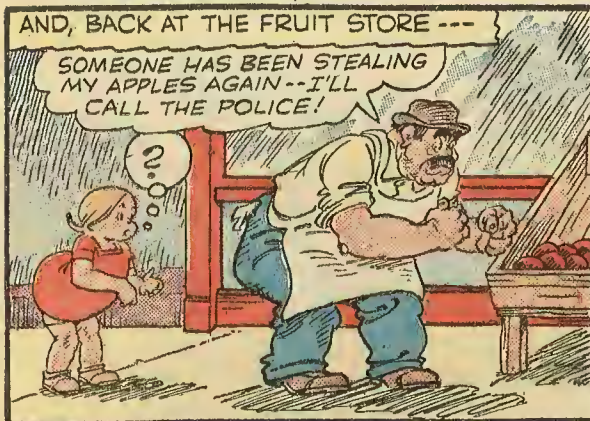
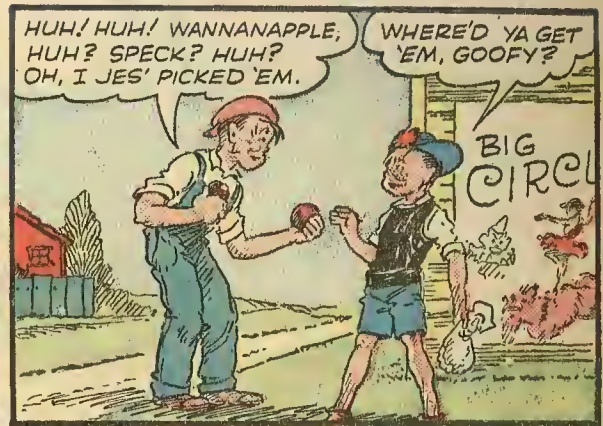
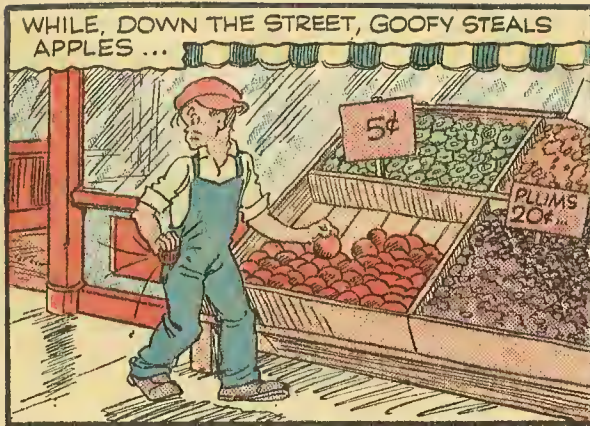
MARBLES

BETCHA DOLLAR YOU  
CAN'T DO IT!

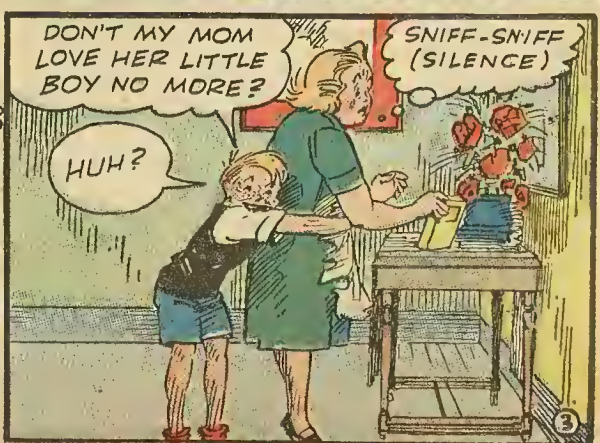
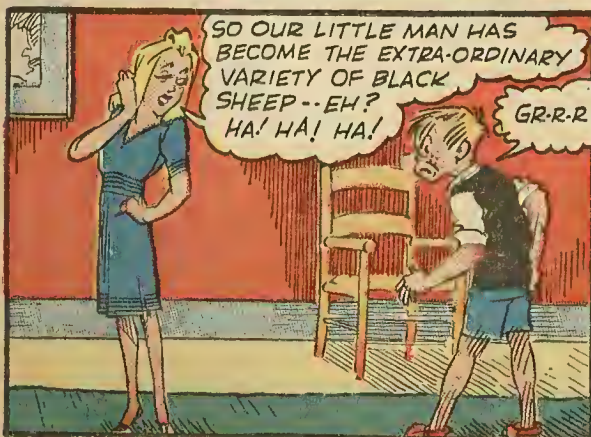
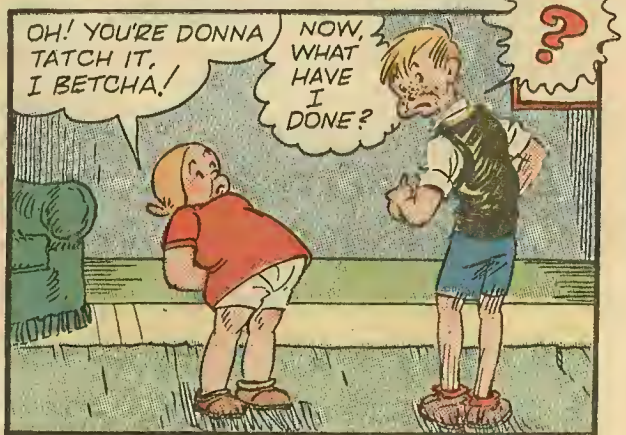
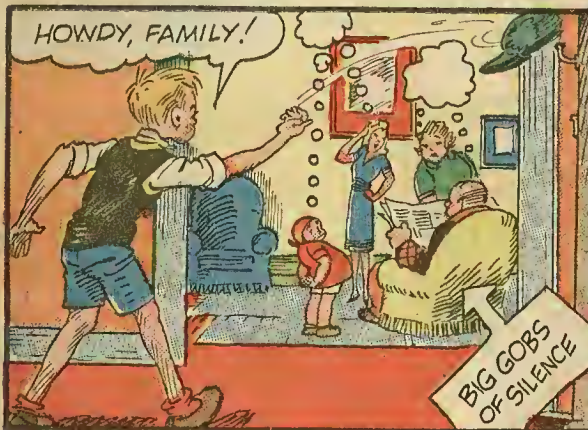
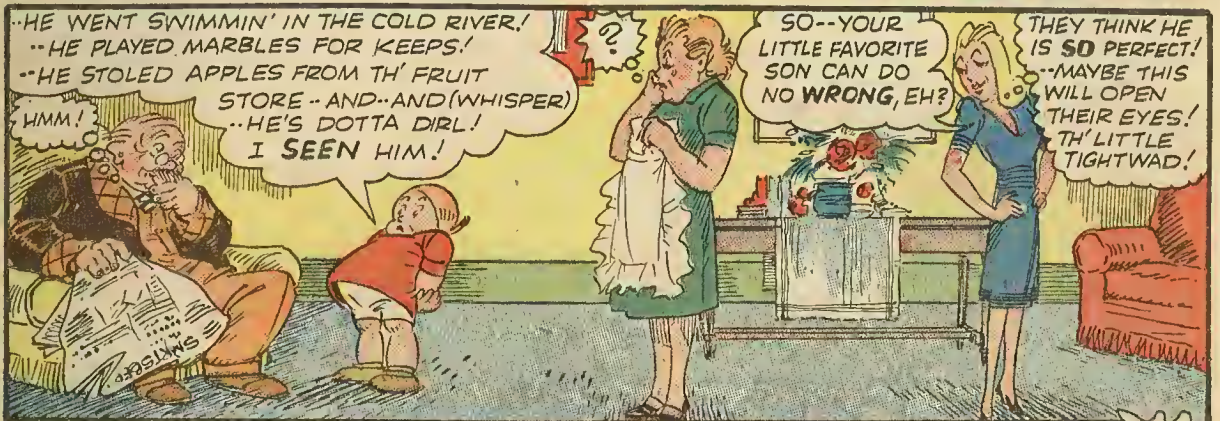
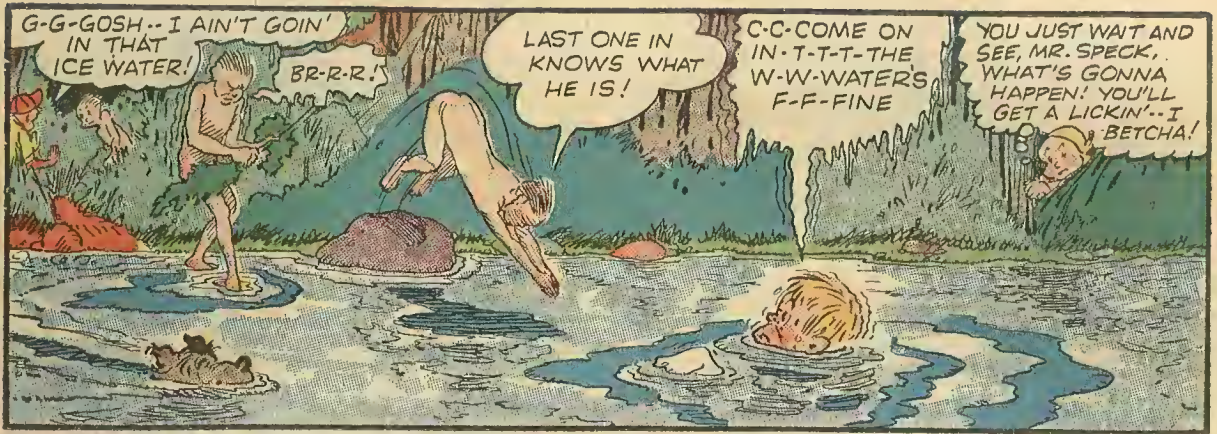
BETCHA A  
MILLION DOLLARS  
I CAN.

GOOD OLD  
GAME OF  
MUMBLY PEG

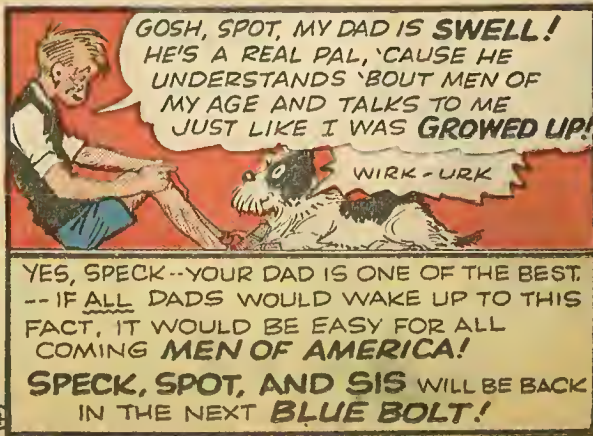
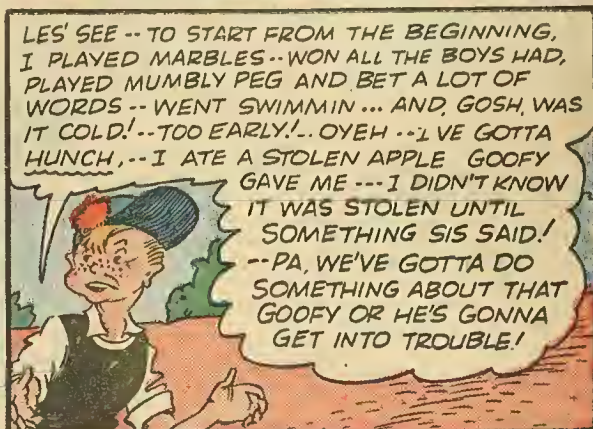
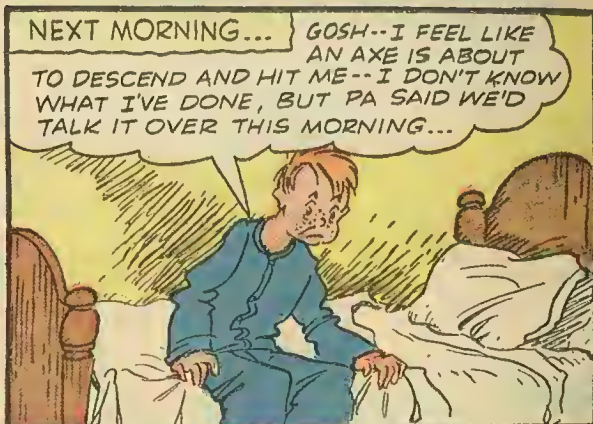
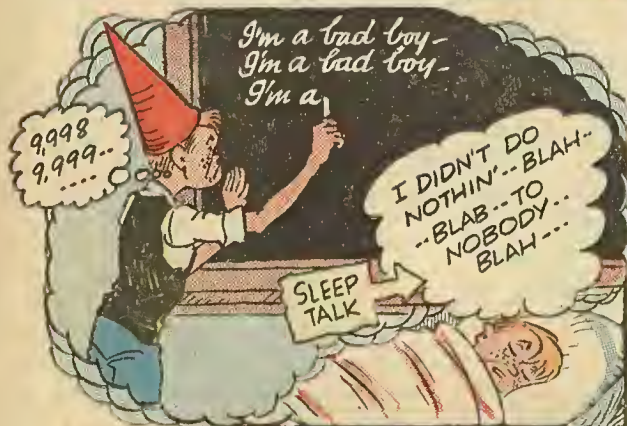
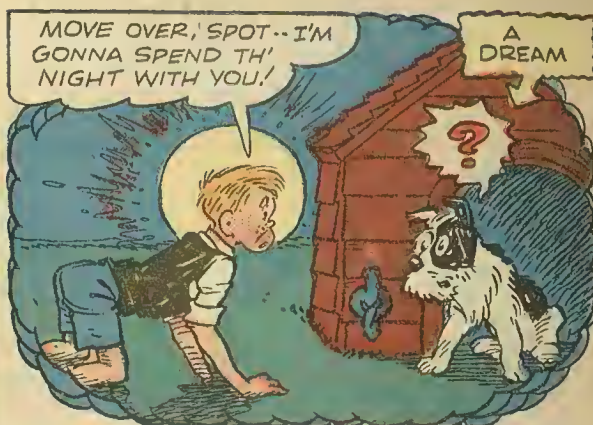
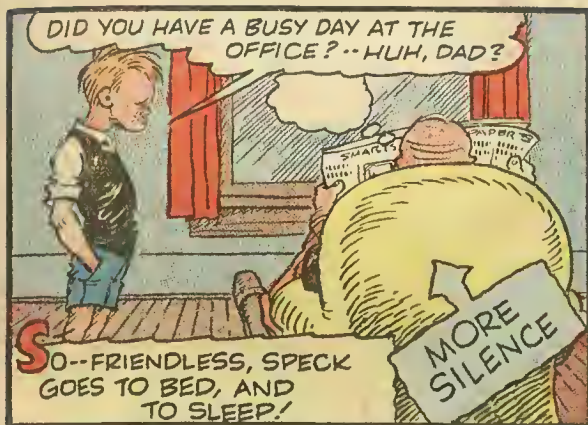














# THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER

Retold in Pictures by  
HAROLD DELAY

PART  
IV.

MAJOR HEYWARD, CORA AND ALICE MONROE, AND DAVID GARMUT, A SINGER OF HYMNS, ON THEIR WAY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY, ARE LED INTO A TRAP BY THEIR INDIAN GUIDE, MAGUA. THEY ARE RESCUED BY THE SCOUT, HAWK-EYE, AND TWO MOHICAN INDIANS, CHINGAHGOOK, AND HIS SON UNCAS, WHO TAKE THEM TO HIDDEN CAVES ON A ROCKY ISLAND AT GLEN'S FALLS. THEY ARE BESIEGED BY HURONS LED BY MAGUA. AMMUNITION RUNS OUT. HAWK-EYE AND THE TWO INDIANS GO DOWNSTREAM FOR HELP. THE FOUR LEFT ARE TAKEN PRISONER AND REMOVED INLAND, TIED TO TREES FOR TORTURE. MAGUA THROWS A TOMAHAWK AT ALICE. IT STICKS IN A TREE ABOVE HER HEAD. DUNCAN BREAKS HIS BONDS AND ATTACKS ONE OF THE SAVAGES WHO IS ABOUT TO KNIFE HIM. A SHOT RINGS OUT! THE INDIAN DROPS DEAD!



TO THE  
RESCUE!

UNCAS LEAPED BEFORE CORA,  
DRIVING BACK THE HURONS WITH  
TOMAHAWK AND KNIFE.

BACK! BACK!  
OR  
DIE!

WITH A WHOOP,  
MAGUA RUSHED UPON  
CHINGAHGOOK. IT WAS THE  
SIGNAL FOR A GENERAL COMBAT!

HIEEE -- KILL  
THEM ALL!







DUNCAN TORE THE TOMAHAWK FROM THE TREE AND DASHED EAGERLY INTO THE FRAY.



DUNCAN THREW THE TOMAHAWK. IT STRUCK AN ADVANCING SAVAGE-- BUT HE CAME ON. THROWING HIS ARMS AROUND HIM, DUNCAN PINNED THE INDIAN'S ARMS TO HIS SIDES.



DUNCAN WAS ALMOST EXHAUSTED. HAWK-EYE'S RIFLE CAME DOWN ON THE HURON'S HEAD. HE SANK FROM DUNCAN'S ARMS TO THE GROUND.



ONE OF THE SAVAGES THREW HIS AXE AT THE HELPLESS CORA.





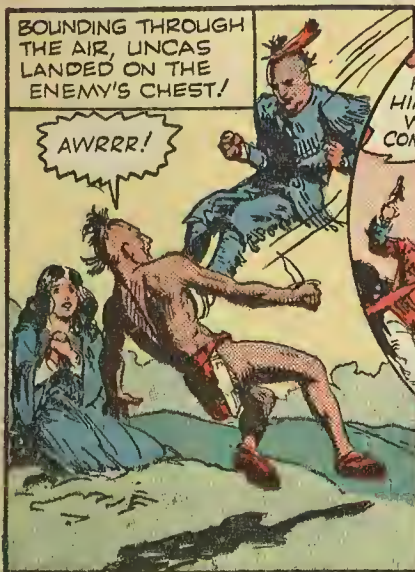
CORA THREW HERSELF AT ALICE, TRYING TO REMOVE HER BONDS.



THE HURON, SEIZING CORA BY THE HAIR, WAS SPOTTED BY UNCAS ...



BOUNDING THROUGH THE AIR, UNCAS LANDED ON THE ENEMY'S CHEST!



HOLD HIM, UNCAS, WE'RE COMING!



THIS REDMAN WILL KILL NO MORE!



THEY AROSE AND FOUGHT MADLY. DUNCAN AND HAWK-EYE RUSHED IN TO AID UNCAS.

HEYWARD'S TOMAHAWK, HAWK-EYE'S CLUBBED RIFLE, AND UNCAS' KNIFE FINISHED THE HURON.

THE BATTLE WAS ALMOST OVER. MAGUA AND CHINGAHGOOK WERE STILL FIGHTING SAVAGELY. HEYWARD AND HIS COMPANIONS RUSHED TO AID HIM.



THAT INDIAN WILL PAY WITH HIS LIFE!





MAGUA FELL BACK -- APPARENTLY LIFELESS. CHINGAHGOOK MADE THE FOREST RING WITH HIS SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE SLY HURON ROLLED OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE..



HE LANDED ON HIS FEET AND DISAPPEARED IN THE THICKET!



OH, CORA! NOW WE CAN RETURN TO OUR FATHER!



AFTER RETRIEVING THEIR GUNS AND AMMUNITION FROM WHERE THEY WERE LEFT BY THE INDIANS, THE SCOUT ANNOUNCED THAT IT WAS TIME TO MOVE.

ONWARD! WE MUST LOSE NO TIME!

THEY RETURNED AND RELEASED ALICE, WHO THREW HERSELF INTO HER SISTER'S ARMS.





THE SIGNS  
ARE GOOD,  
SO FAR!

I HOPE WE HAVE  
SEEN THE LAST OF  
THOSE SAVAGES!

THEY FOUND THE HORSES--  
THE GIRLS MOUNTED, THEN  
FOLLOWED THE OLD SCOUT  
WHO, IN THEIR MOST  
DEADLY PERIL, HAD  
PROVED TO BE THEIR  
FRIEND.



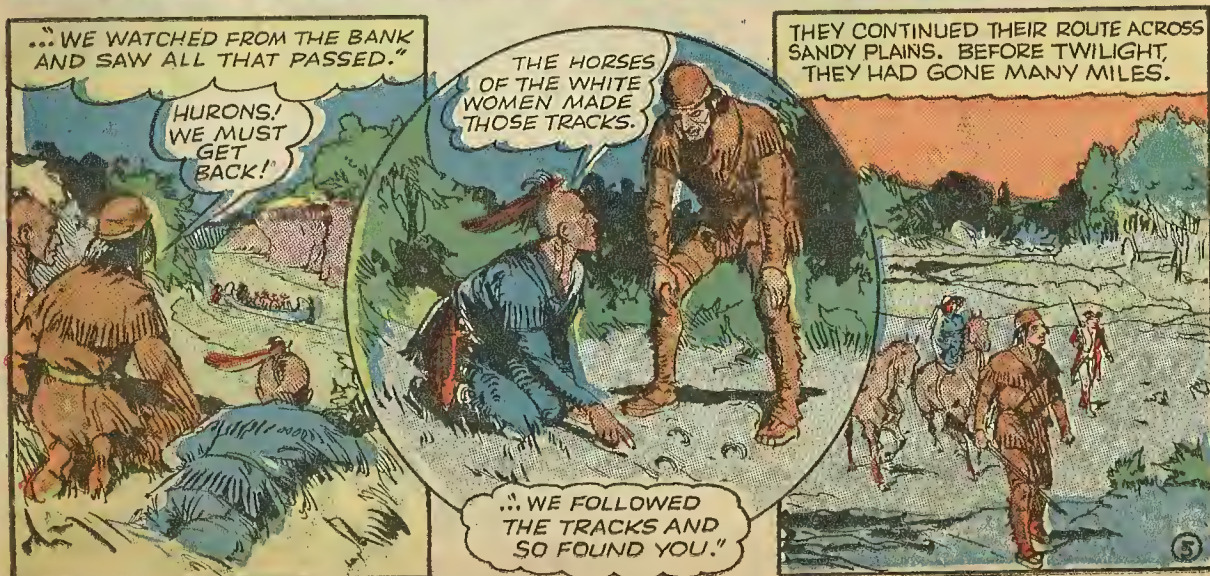
THE SCOUT UNCOVERED  
A SPARKLING SPRING  
WHERE THEY MADE  
CAMP.

GOOD!  
THE WATER  
IS CLEAR!



HOW WAS IT YOU,  
CAME TO OUR RESCUE  
AS YOU DID, AND  
WITHOUT AID FROM  
THE GARRISON?

IF WE HAD GONE  
TO THE GARRISON,  
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN  
TOO LATE. YOU  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
SCALPED BEFORE  
THAT HELP COULD  
REACH YOU.



...WE WATCHED FROM THE BANK  
AND SAW ALL THAT PASSED.

HURONS!  
WE MUST  
GET  
BACK!

THE HORSES  
OF THE WHITE  
WOMEN MADE  
THOSE TRACKS.

...WE FOLLOWED  
THE TRACKS AND  
SO FOUND YOU.

THEY CONTINUED THEIR ROUTE ACROSS  
SANDY PLAINS. BEFORE TWILIGHT,  
THEY HAD GONE MANY MILES.



# BULL'S-EYE BILL

LOOKS LIKE A  
GOOD-SIZED  
TOWN, PANCHO.

YES,  
WEETH  
BULL RING,  
TOO!

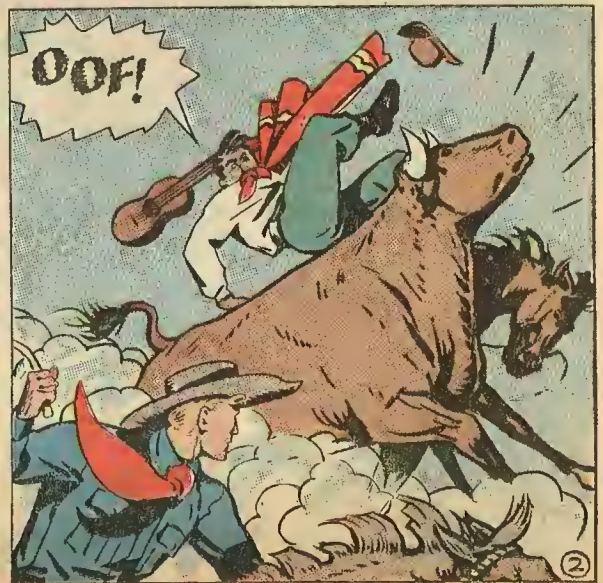
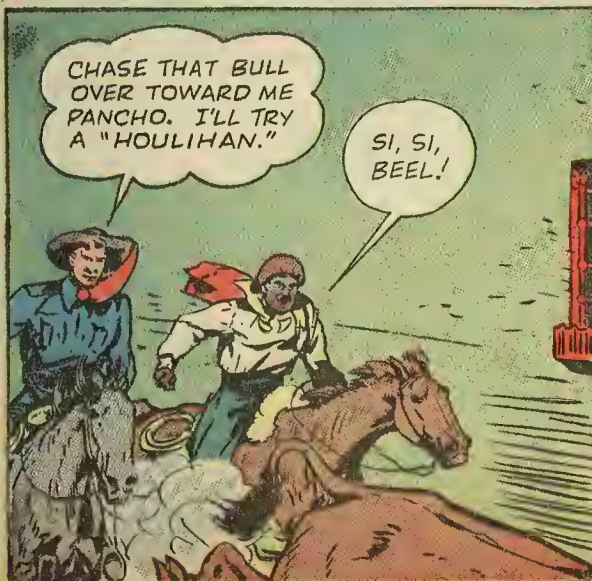
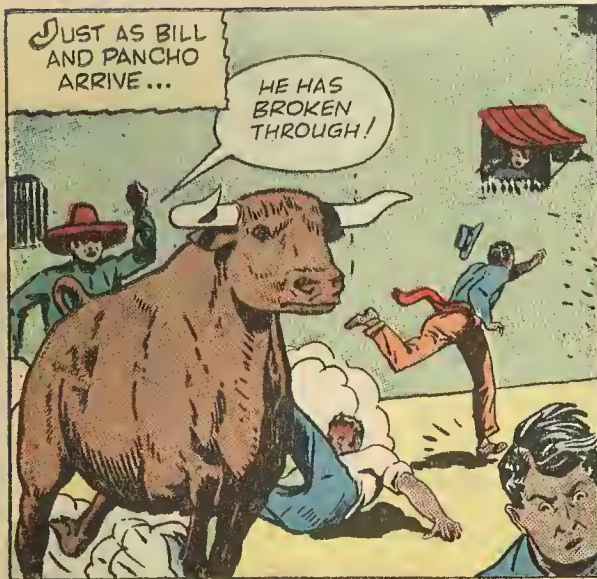
**MEXICO**--BULL'S-EYE BILL AND HIS  
NEW PAL, PANCHO, THE GAUCHO, ARE  
MAKING THE LONG JOURNEY ON HORSE-  
BACK DOWN TO ARGENTINA, PANCHO'S  
HOME. BILL IS ANXIOUS TO MAKE  
MORE FRIENDS IN THE  
LATIN COUNTRIES.

JOHN  
DALY

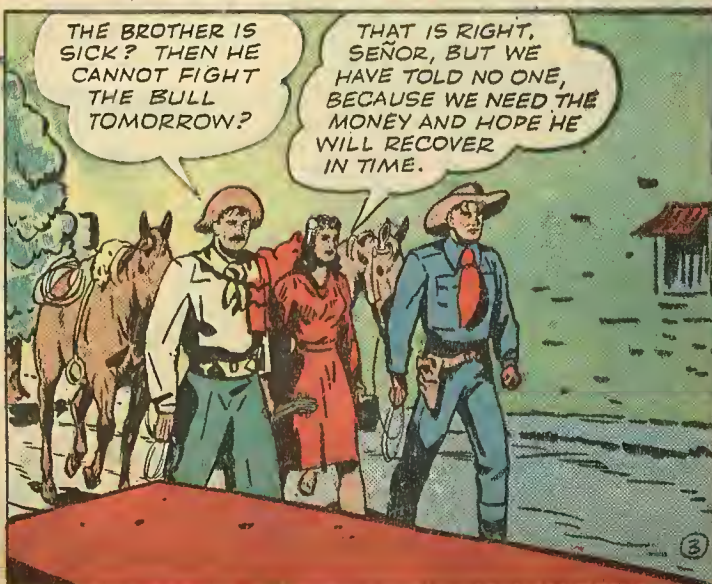
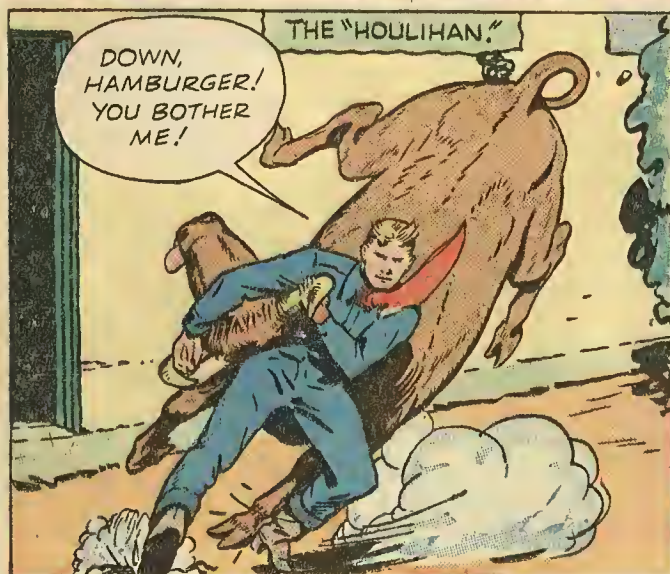
IT IS THE EVE OF A  
BULL FIGHT. ACCORDING TO  
CUSTOM, A BULL IS RELEASED  
AMONG THE TOWN BOYS  
FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT.

HI!  
HI!

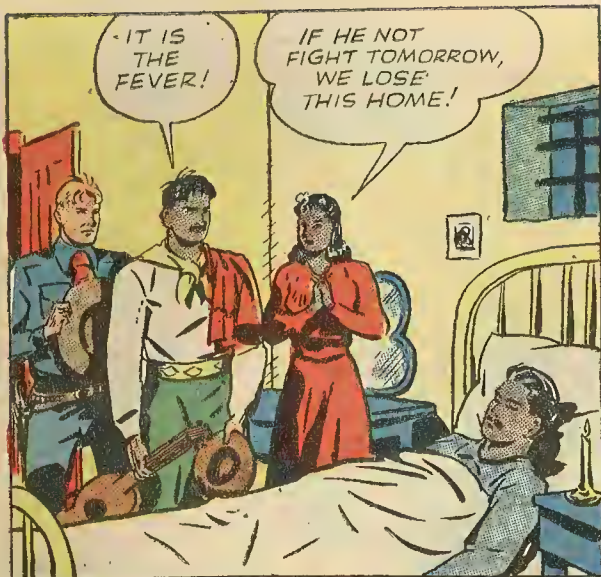




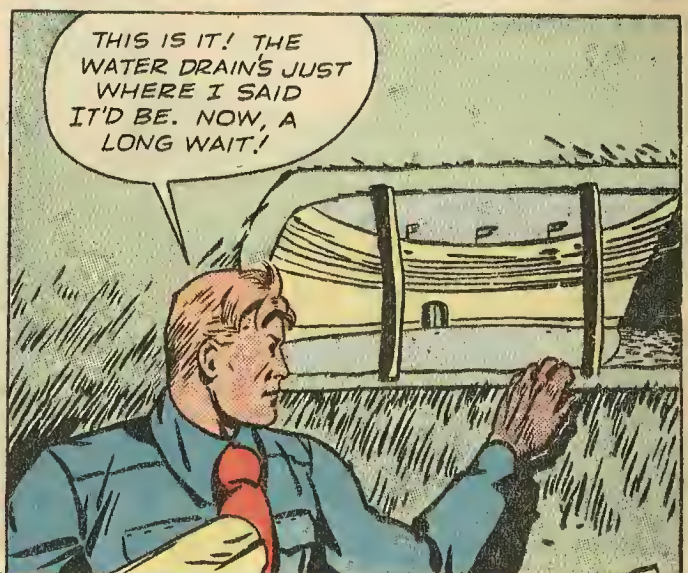
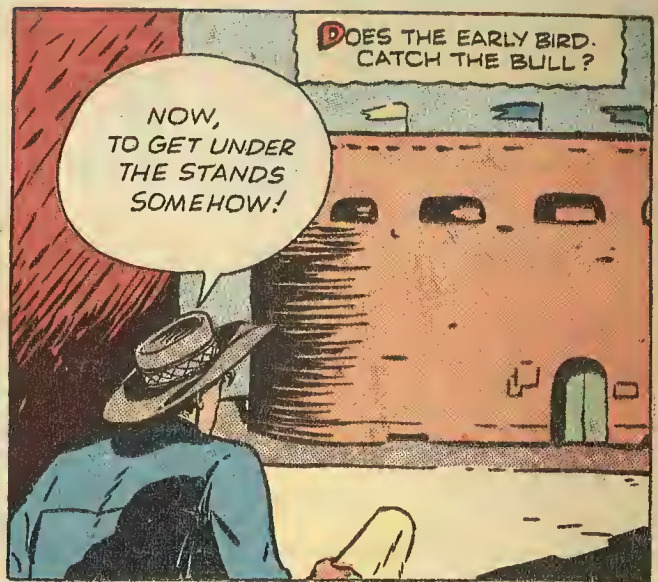




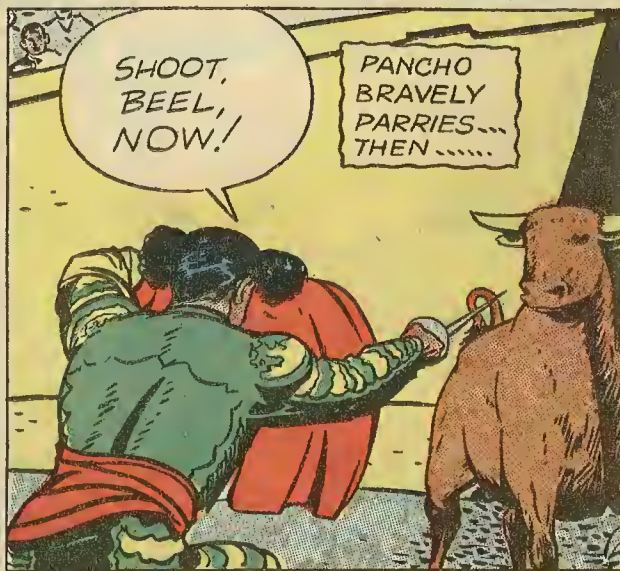
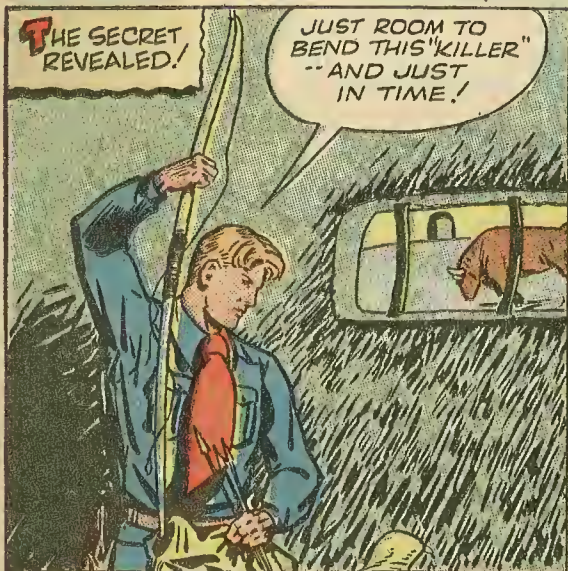
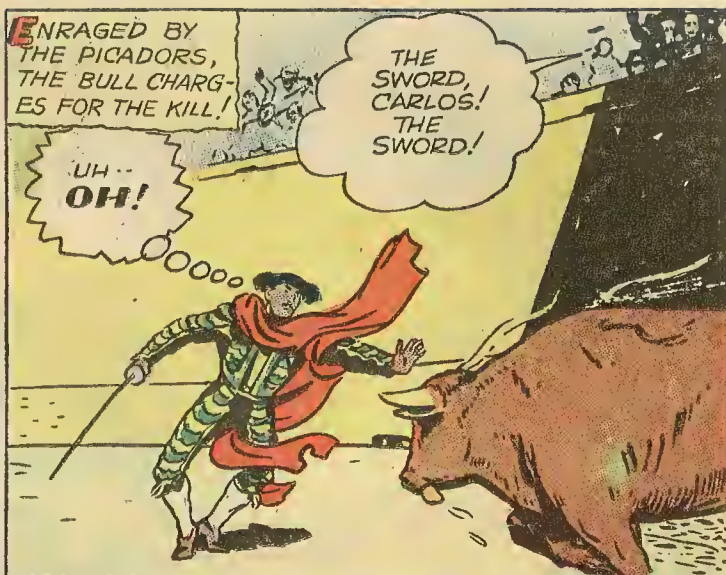














INTRODUCING

# K. TULDE

ANNUAL  
AIR  
RACES  
SUNDAY  
\$500.00  
1ST PRIZE  
\$50 ENTRANCE FEE  
ACME AIRPORT

HMMM...  
ALL I NEED  
IS FIFTY  
BUCKS AN' AN  
AIRPLANE  
!!

ACME  
AIRPORT

by  
JIM GREEN

.... I DON'T HAVE EITHER ONE, AND I'M  
FED UP BEING NOTHING BUT A GREASE-  
MONKEY..... I'LL GET IN  
THAT RACE AND  
WIN A NAME  
FOR MYSELF, EVEN  
IF IT KILLS ME!

....SURE, WE NEED A TEST JUMPER.....  
....WE'LL PAY YOU \$25 .....YOU GET  
DOUBLE THAT IF THE CHUTE  
**FAILS TO OPEN!**

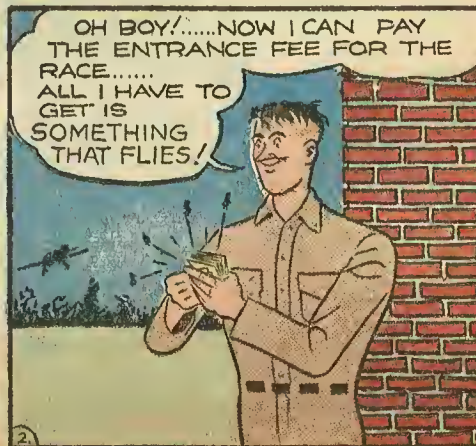
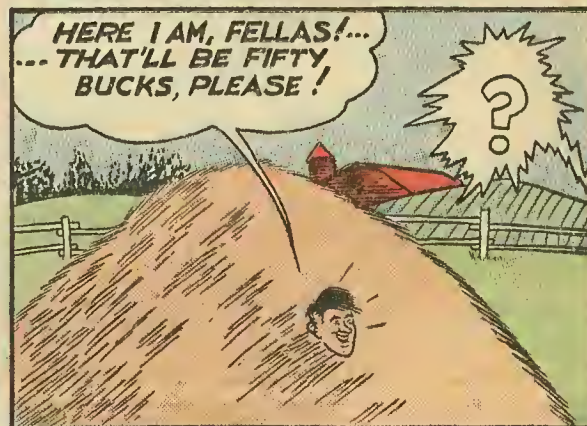
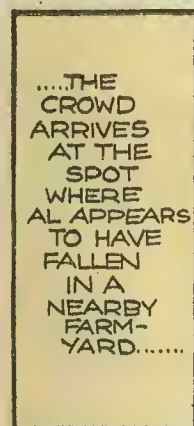
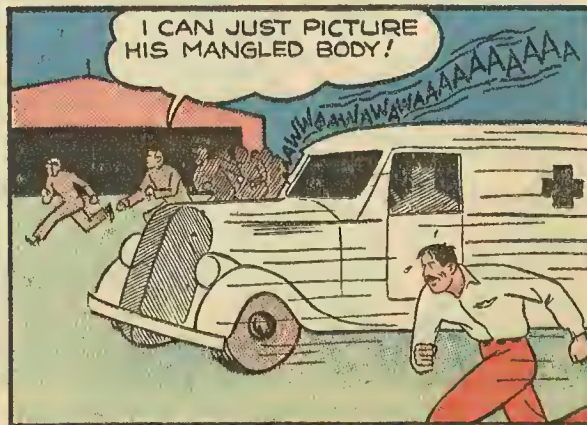
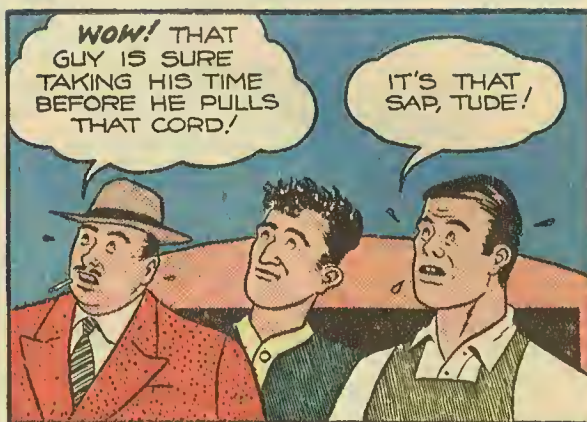
BOY!....IF THE  
CHUTE DOESN'T  
OPEN I CAN ENTER  
THE RACE!

?

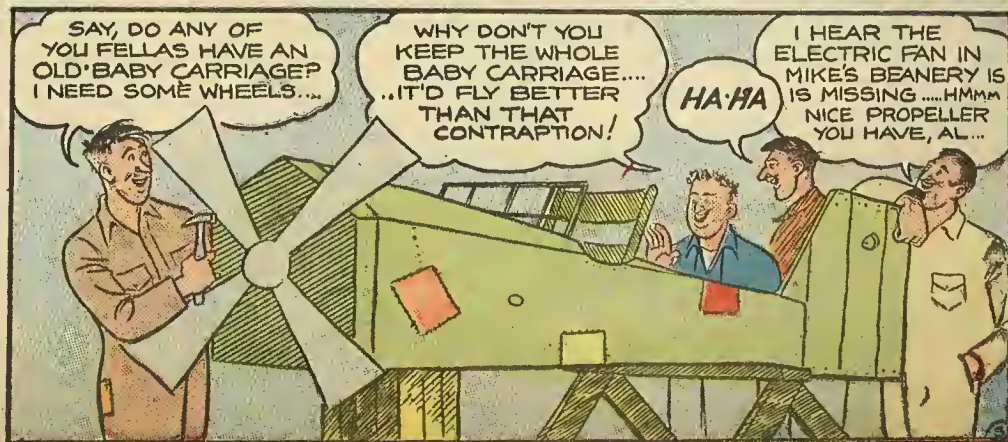
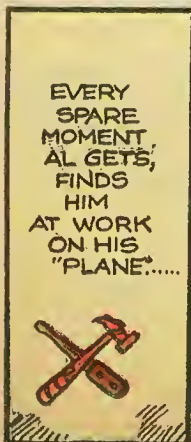
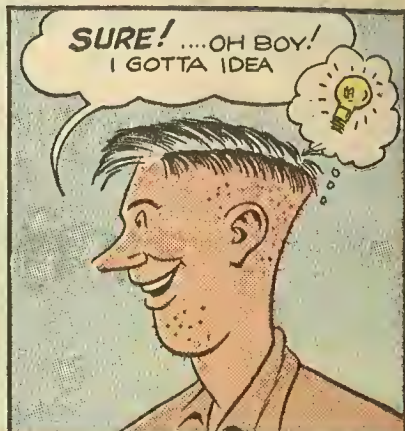
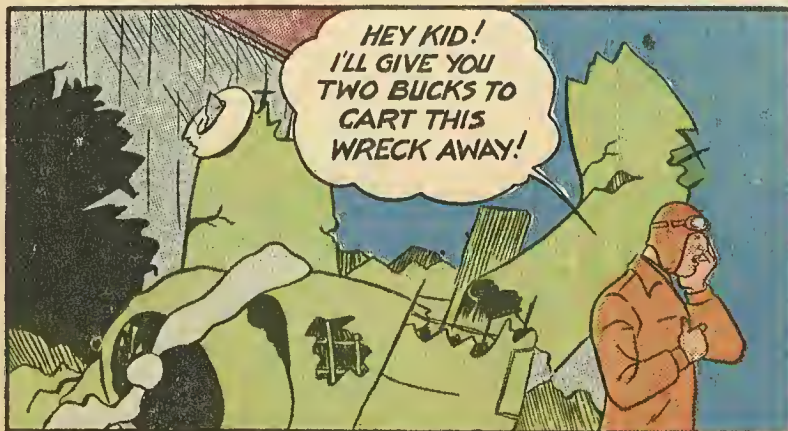
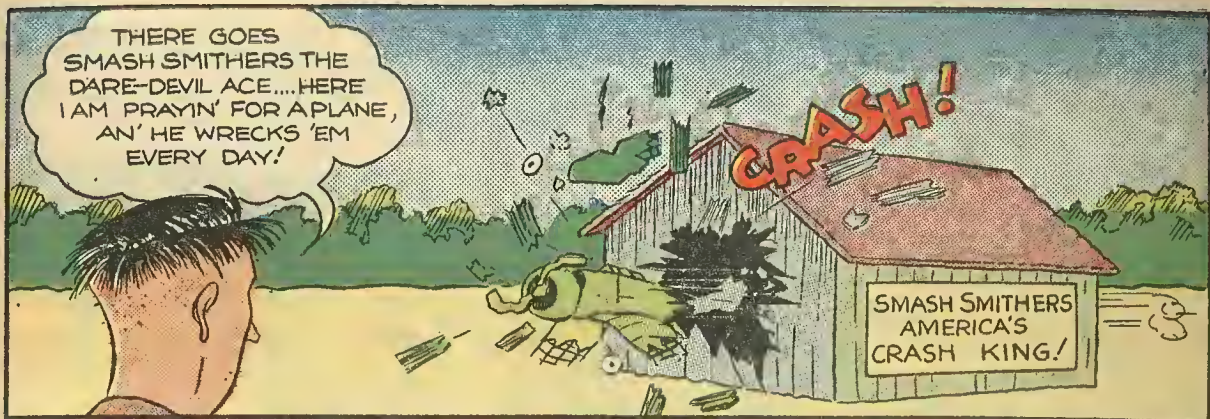
10,000 FEET ABOVE THE AIRPORT.....

HERE  
GOES!











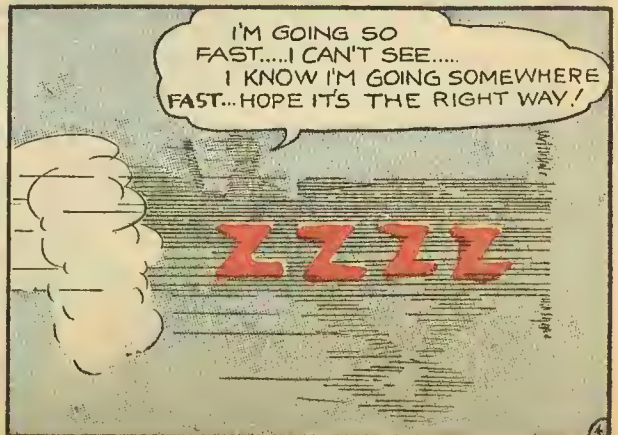
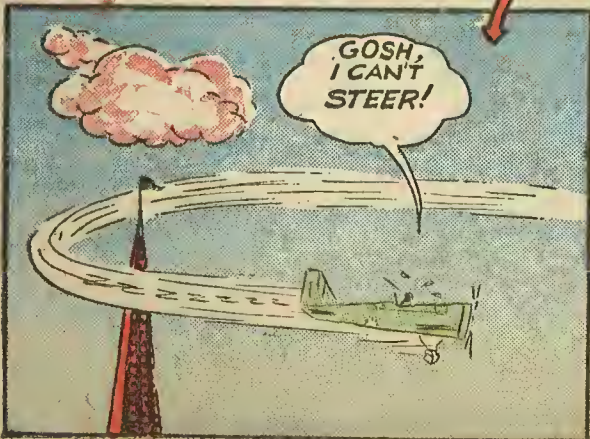
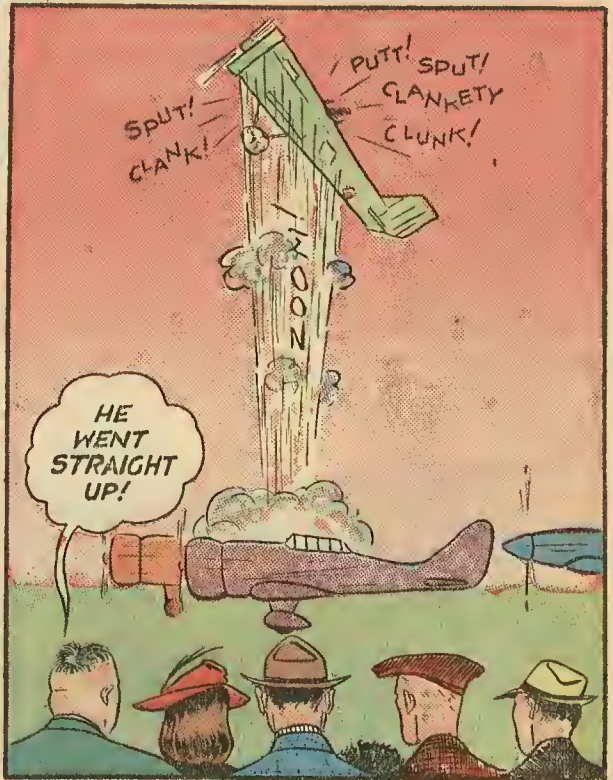
....THE  
DAY  
OF THE  
RACE....  
....THE  
COUNTRY'S  
FASTEST  
PLANES-  
TAKE  
THEIR  
PLACES  
ON THE  
STARTING  
LINE.....

...WHAT'S  
THIS THING  
COMING?

?

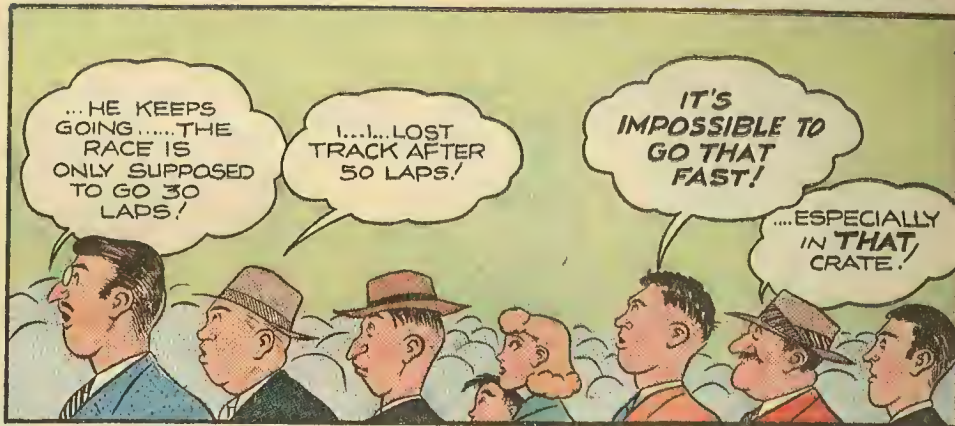


.....THE RACE IS ON, AND THE  
PLANES TAXI DOWN THE RUNWAY.....

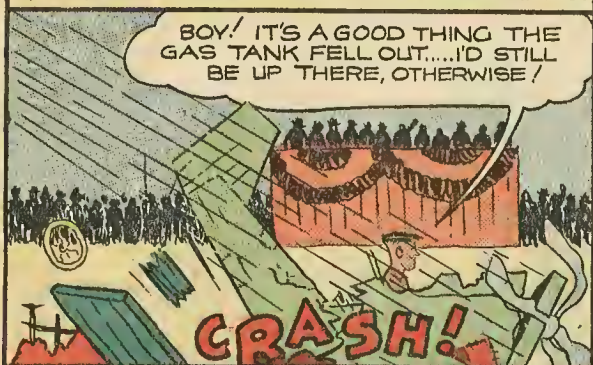




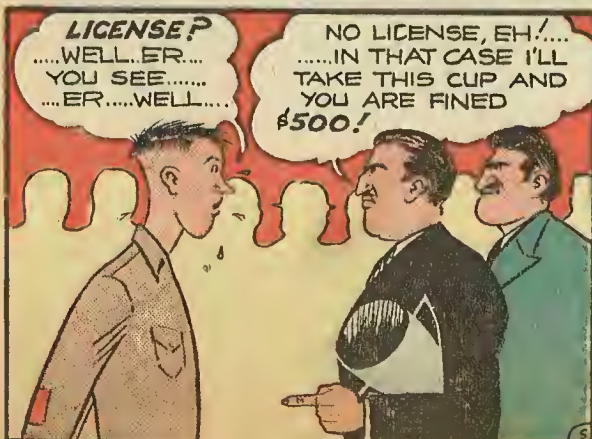
...THE JUDGES  
STAND  
AGHAST  
AS AL'S  
SHIP CIRCLES  
THE PYLONS  
LIKE A  
WHIRLWIND.....  
.....LITTLE DO  
THEY KNOW  
THAT AL  
CANNOT  
STEER.....



AFTER ROUNDING THE COURSE 75 TIMES,  
AL "LANDS" IN FRONT OF THE JUDGES' STAND!



THE OTHER PILOTS ARE DUMBFOUNDED  
AND HAVE DROPPED OUT OF THE RACE.



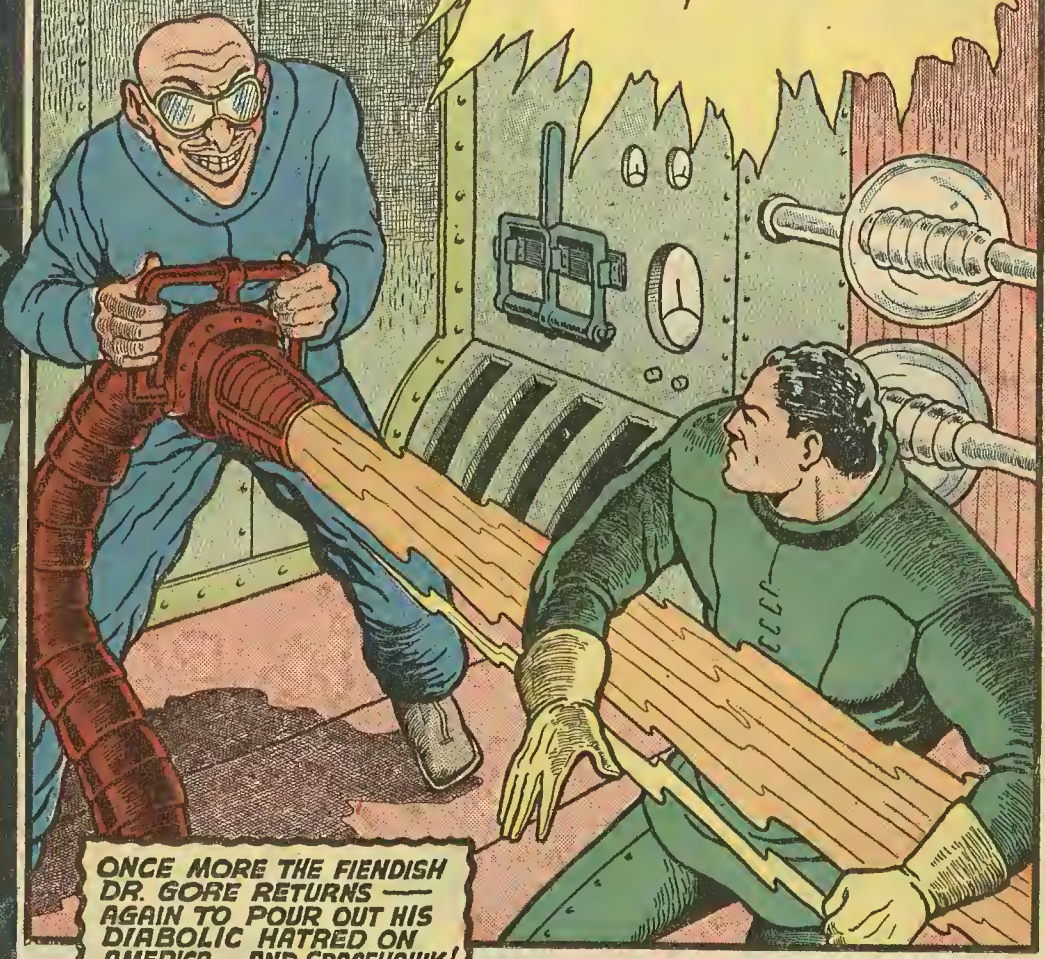


SPACEHAWK

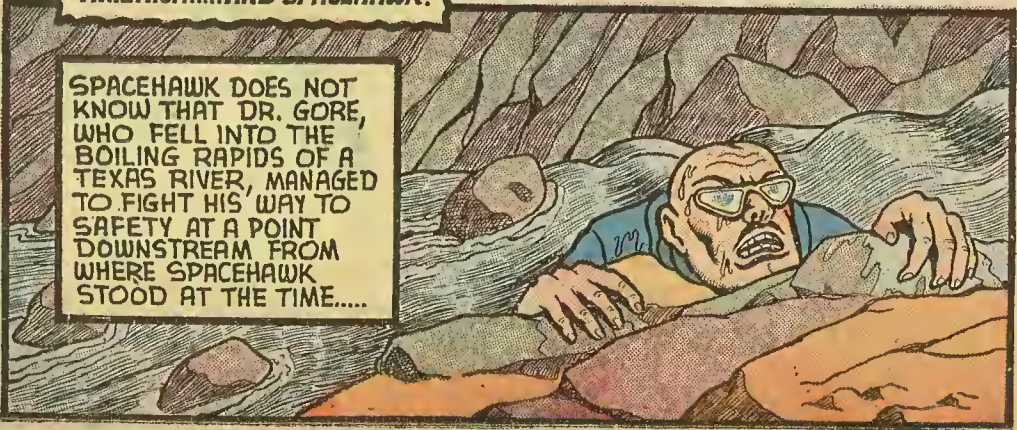
AND  
THE

# BLAZING DEATH

by Basil Wolverton



ONCE MORE THE FIENDISH  
DR. GORE RETURNS —  
AGAIN TO POUR OUT HIS  
DIABOLIC HATRED ON  
AMERICA.....AND SPACEHAWK!

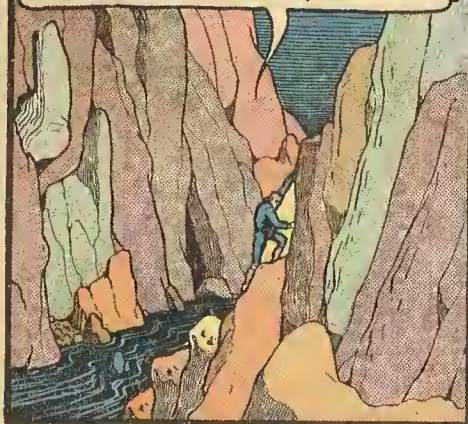


SPACEHAWK DOES NOT  
KNOW THAT DR. GORE,  
WHO FELL INTO THE  
BOILING RAPIDS OF A  
TEXAS RIVER, MANAGED  
TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO  
SAFETY AT A POINT  
DOWNSTREAM FROM  
WHERE SPACEHAWK  
STOOD AT THE TIME.....



SPURRED ON BY DESIRE FOR REVENGE, THE SCIENTIST HEADS FOR FREEDOM.....

I'LL GET BACK TO ONE OF MY LABORATORY-HIDEOUTS, AND THEN—

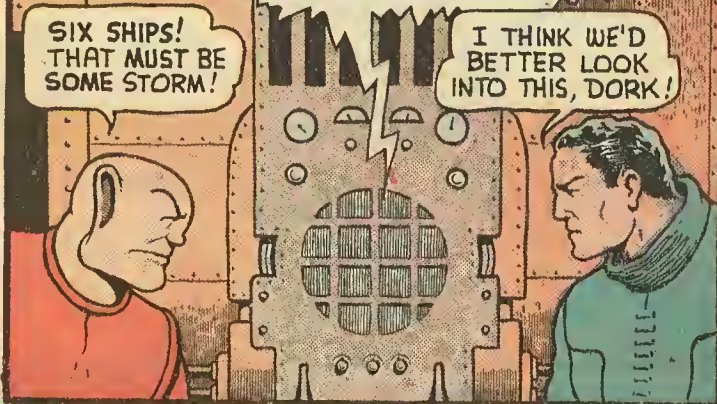


MONTHS LATER, AS SPACEHAWK AND DORK CRUISE THRU THE STRATOSPHERE IN THEIR SPACE-SHIP...

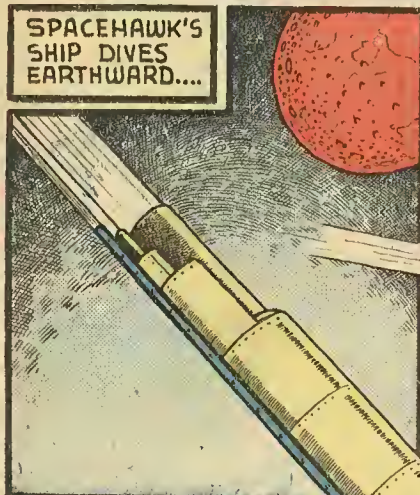
FLASH! VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORMS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO HAVE JUST SUNK THE SIXTH AMERICAN SHIP WITHIN FIVE HOURS!

SIX SHIPS! THAT MUST BE SOME STORM!

I THINK WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS, DORK!

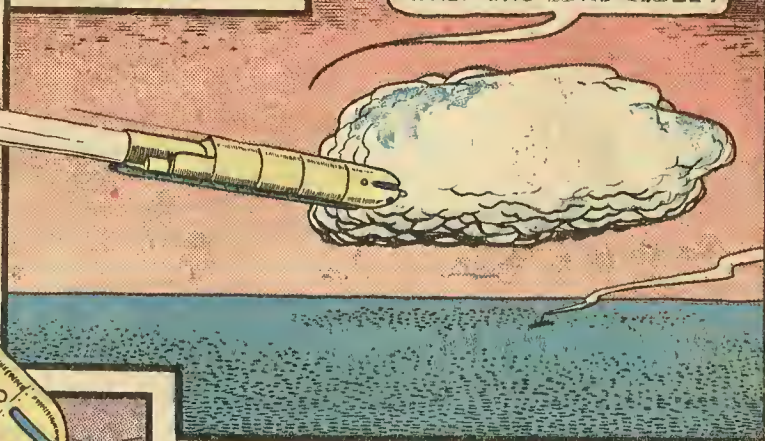


SPACEHAWK'S SHIP DIVES EARTHWARD....



DELICATE INSTRUMENTS LEAD IT DIRECTLY TO THE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED AREA OVER THE GULF.....

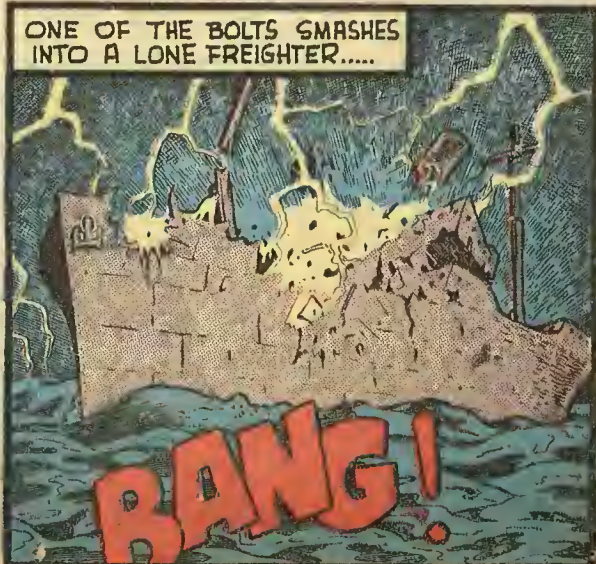
THE GAUGES INDICATE THAT THIS IS THE SPOT, BUT I DON'T SEE MUCH OF A STORM! NO WIND, AND ONLY ONE LONE CLOUD!



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT EAR-SPLITTING THUNDER SHATTERS THE STILLNESS AS TONGUES OF FIRE CRACKLE DOWN FROM THAT ONE CLOUD!



ONE OF THE BOLTS SMASHES INTO A LONE FREIGHTER.....



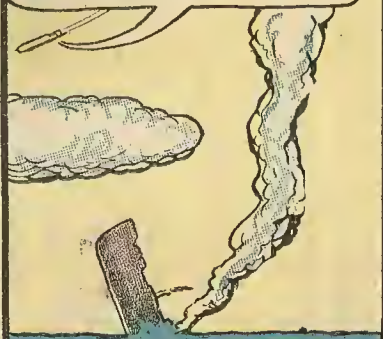


THE LIGHTNING HIT THAT SHIP! IT'S GOING DOWN!

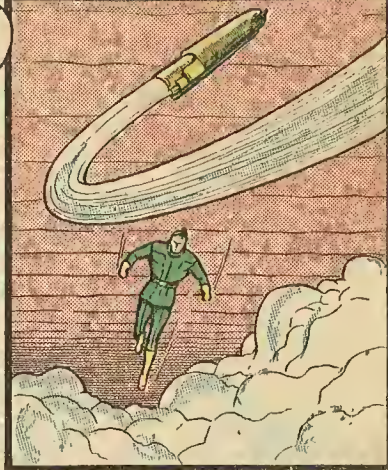
THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP JUST OVER THE HORIZON! RADIO IT TO PICK UP THE SURVIVORS!



THAT WASN'T NATURAL LIGHTNING! SEE — THAT CLOUD IS MOVING IN ANOTHER DIRECTION NOW! I'LL WAGER THERE'S SOME SORT OF APPARATUS INSIDE IT BUILT PURPOSELY TO SINK AMERICAN SHIPS! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



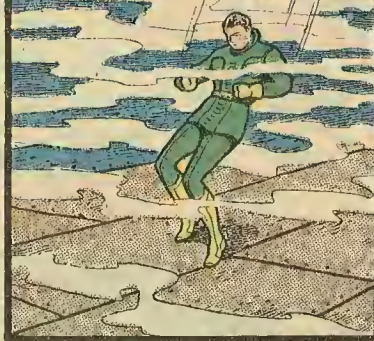
DORK SWINGS THE SHIP UP OVER THE CLOUD, AND SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT....



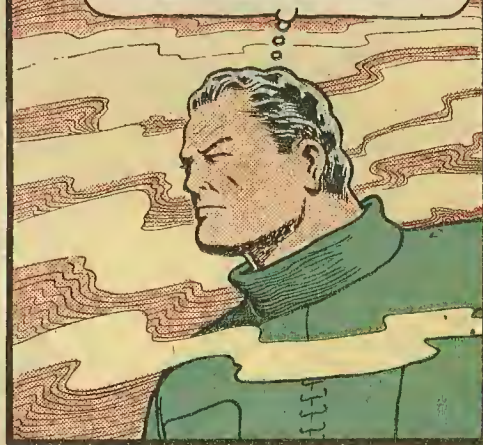
HE PLUNGES INTO THE MIST....



BY MEANS OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT HE RETARDS HIS FALL, AND GENTLY LANDS ON A BROAD EXPANSE OF METAL....

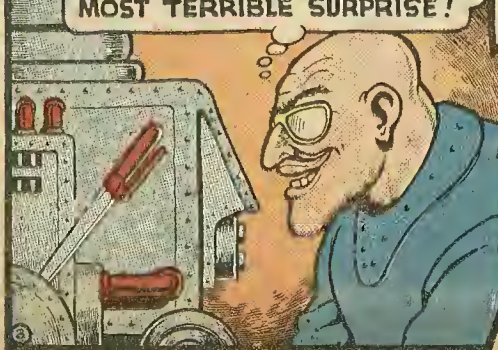


I WAS RIGHT! THIS IS ONLY A SYNTHETIC CLOUD — A SCREEN TO HIDE SOMETHING INSIDE IT! NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT IS!



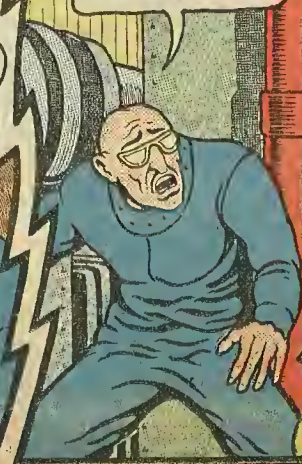
INSIDE THE FLOATING STRUCTURE, THE SINISTER DR. GORE GLOATS OVER HIS LATEST TRIUMPH!

HA! ANOTHER VICTIM! MY LIGHTNING GUNS HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL ON SHIPS! NOW TO MOVE IN OVER THE CONTINENT AND SHOCK AMERICA WITH A MOST TERRIBLE SURPRISE!

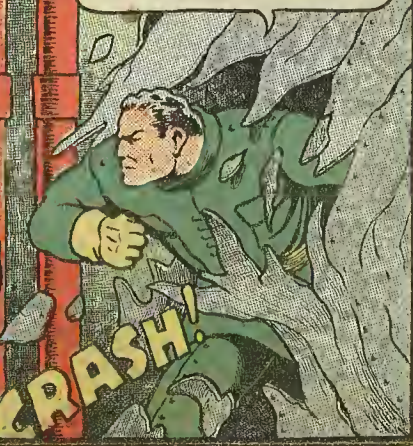


SUDDENLY

SPACEHAWK!



SO IT'S YOU! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOUR UGLY FACE, BUT HERE I FIND YOU UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS!





YOU STOLE MY SECRETS OF ANTI-GRAVITY AND ROCKET POWER, DR. GORE. I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU CONTINUE USING THEM TO DESTROY LIFE AND PROPERTY! THIS IS YOUR LAST VENTURE IN WHOLESALE MURDER!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE CHANGED! RIGHT NOW I'M CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT TO BENEFIT MANKIND!

THAT'S A LIE! ALREADY YOU'VE SENT SEVEN SHIPS TO THE BOTTOM WITH THIS FLOATING POWER PLANT OF YOURS! DO YOU CALL THAT AN EXPERIMENT?

I—I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE SHIPS BELOW ME! I—

IN A LAST FRANTIC EFFORT TO SAVE HIMSELF, DR. GORE SNATCHES AT A SWITCH, AND—

HA! HA! YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO CLOSE TO MY LIGHTNING APPARATUS! NOW I'LL TAKE THE UPPER HAND!

MY LEGS! MY ARMS! THEY WON'T MOVE! THEY'RE PARALYZED!

IT'S A WONDER YOU'RE NOT DEAD! BUT PERHAPS IT'S BETTER YOU'RE NOT— JUST YET! NOW I CAN SHOW YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO INTERFERE! THEN I'LL TOSS YOU OUT OF HERE!

CRACKLE

NOW JUST SIT THERE AND WATCH WHILE I BLAST EVERY CITY ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD WITH MY LIGHTNING BOLTS— THANKS TO THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE I'VE GLEANED FROM YOU!

MUCH AS I LOVE YOUR COMPANY, MY DEAR SPACE-HAWK, I MUST LEAVE YOU FOR A FEW MOMENTS WHILE I CHECK MY PROPULSION ROCKETS! I TRUST YOU WILL PARDON ME!

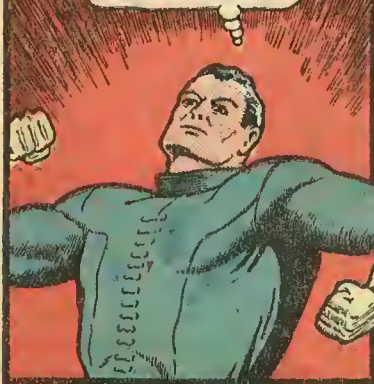
WITH DR. GORE GONE, SPACEHAWK'S MIGHTY MIND STRUGGLES TO REGAIN CONTROL OF HIS SHOCKED MUSCLES AND NERVES....

I MUST OVERCOME THIS PARALYSIS! I MUST!

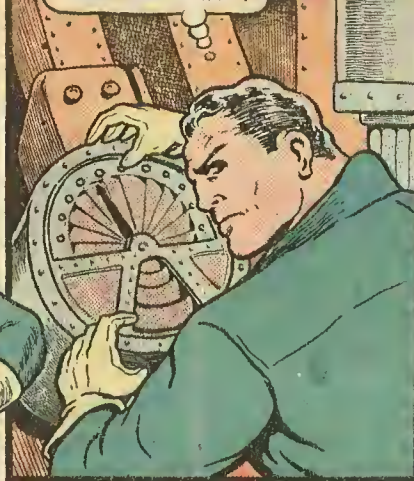


AGONIZING SECONDS PASS THEN SPACEHAWK'S SUPER-HUMAN EFFORTS BRING LIFE BACK TO HIS LIMBS...

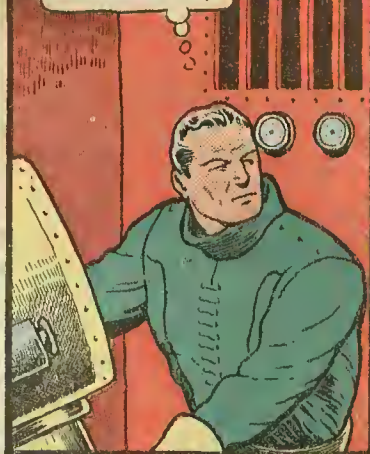
SUCCESS! I CAN MOVE AGAIN!



NOW— IF ONLY I CAN ALTER THIS COMPASS BEFORE HE RETURNS!



THERE! IT'S DONE! HERE HE COMES! I'LL PRETEND I'M STILL PARALYZED!



AH! EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER! WITHIN A SHORT WHILE WE'LL BE OVER LAND! THEN I'LL LET YOU PEEK DOWN THRU MY FOG EYE— A LITTLE INSTRUMENT BY MEANS OF WHICH I CAN SEE THRU THIS VAPOR ABOUT US; AND WATCH THE RESULTS OF A FEW MAN-MADE ELECTRICAL STORMS! YOU'LL REALIZE, THEN, HOW I'LL SOON BECOME THE MASTER OF NATIONS!



SPACEHAWK GETS TO HIS FEET...

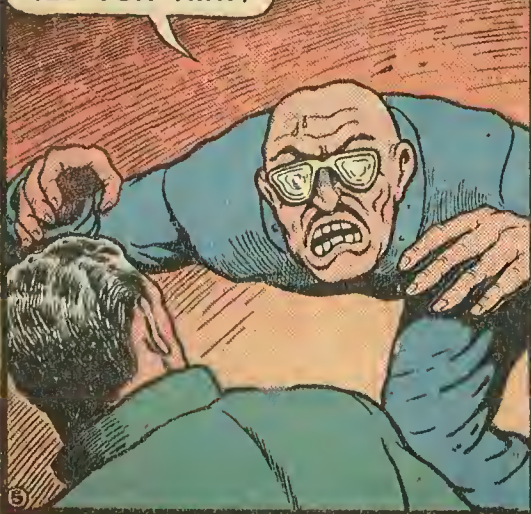
HUH?!— WHAT THE—



VERY INTERESTING, DR. GORE, BUT I MUST BE LEAVING NOW!

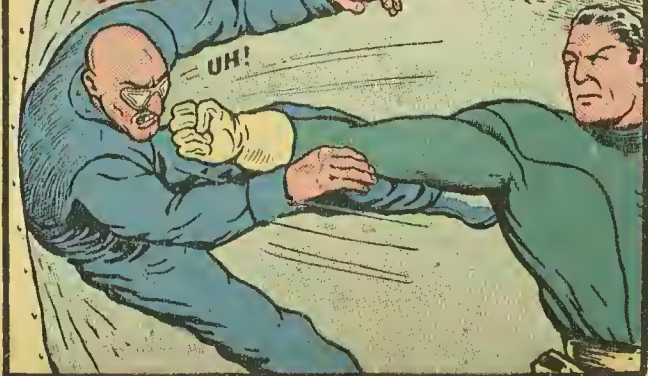


FOOL ME, WILL YOU? I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!



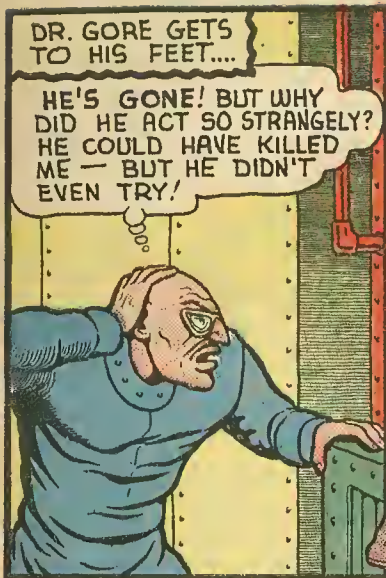
SPACEHAWK FLINGS OUT A POWERFUL ARM, AND DR. GORE FLIES BACKWARD!

THUMP!



NOW! NOW! NO SENSE IN GETTING ROUGH! WHY SHOULD WE BATTLE? NEITHER OF US SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO DESTROY THE OTHER!



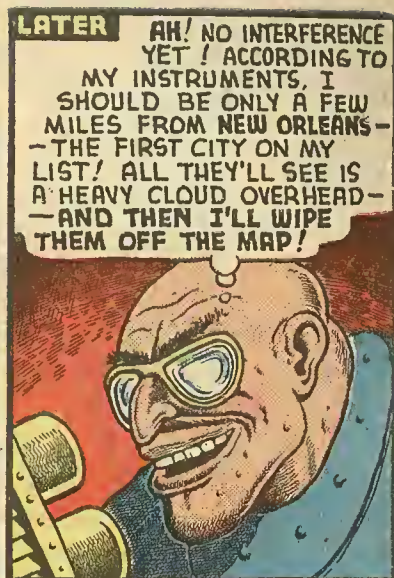


DR. GORE GETS TO HIS FEET....

HE'S GONE! BUT WHY DID HE ACT SO STRANGELY? HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME — BUT HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY!

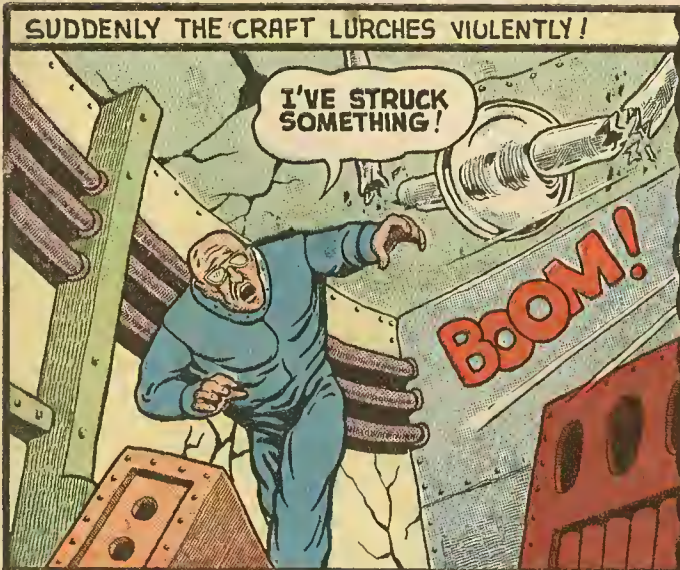


EITHER HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, OR HIS MIND WAS AFFECTED BY THAT SHOCK! IF HE COMES AROUND AGAIN, I'LL FINISH HIM!



LATER

AH! NO INTERFERENCE YET! ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUMENTS, I SHOULD BE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM NEW ORLEANS — THE FIRST CITY ON MY LIST! ALL THEY'LL SEE IS A HEAVY CLOUD OVERHEAD — AND THEN I'LL WIPE THEM OFF THE MAP!



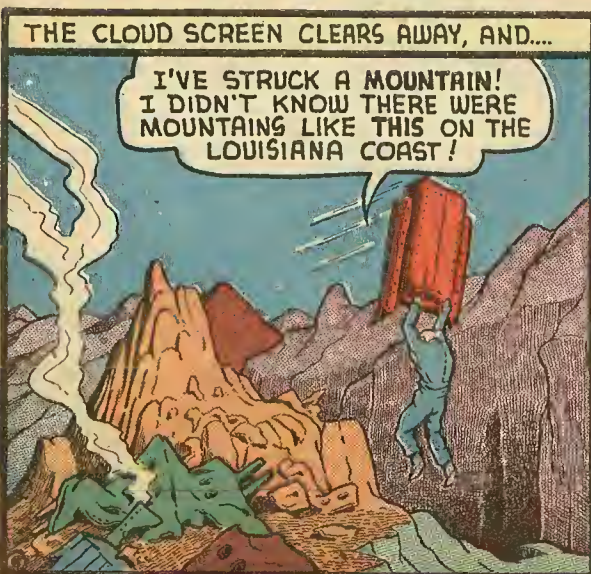
SUDDENLY THE CRAFT LURCHES VIOLENTLY!

I'VE STRUCK SOMETHING!

BOOM!



AS THE FLYING POWER HOUSE CRUMPLES AND FALLS, DR. GORE SEIZES AN ANTI-GRAVITY ELEMENT, AND REMAINS SUSPENDED....



THE CLOUD SCREEN CLEARS AWAY, AND....

I'VE STRUCK A MOUNTAIN! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE MOUNTAINS LIKE THIS ON THE LOUISIANA COAST!

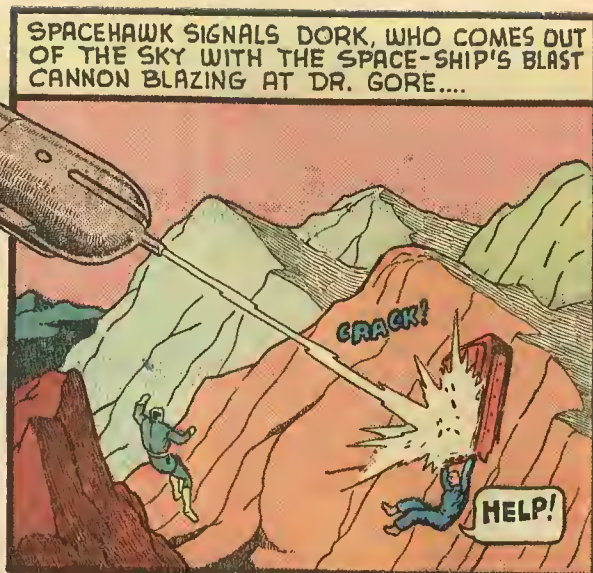


SPACEHAWK SWEEPS OUT OF THE SKY!

YOU! — YOU'RE SOMEHOW TO BLAME FOR THIS!

RIGHT! I THREW YOUR COMPASS OFF WHEN YOU WEREN'T AROUND! YOU'RE OVER THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN MEXICO! — NOT OVER THE UNITED STATES!







SPACEHAWK PLACES DR. GORE ON THE PEAK OF A CRAG, WHERE HE REVIVES....

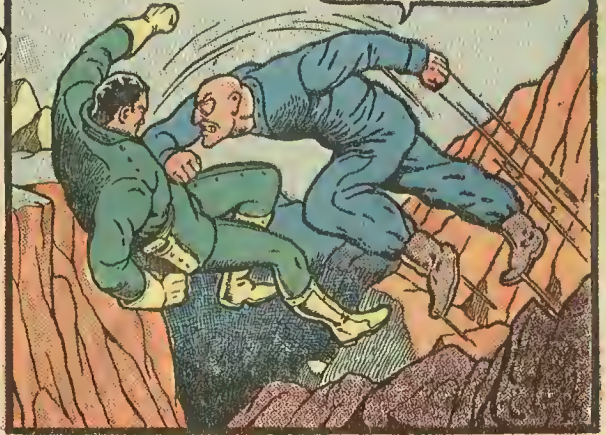
WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE SAFE, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL BE EVEN SAFER—BEHIND BARS!

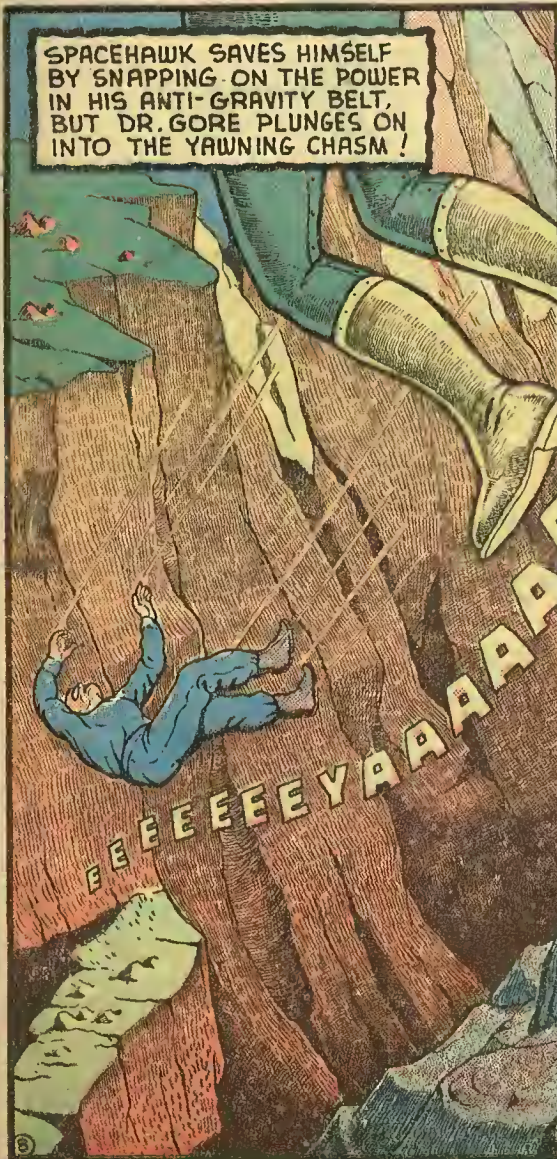


FURIOUS, DR. GORE LEAPS UP AND CHARGES!

NO YOU WON'T!



SPACEHAWK SAVES HIMSELF BY SNAPPING ON THE POWER IN HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, BUT DR. GORE PLUNGES ON INTO THE YAWNING CHASM!



HE WON'T COME BACK THIS TIME! NO ONE COULD LIVE THRU THAT FALL!



SPACEHAWK ZIPS BACK UP TO HIS SPACE-SHIP....



**NEXT MONTH**

**SPACEHAWK**

GIVES THE UNITED STATES A NEW KIND OF DIVE BOMBER—THE SWIFTEST, DEADLIEST THING WITH WINGS. YOU CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SPACEHAWK TESTS IT IN

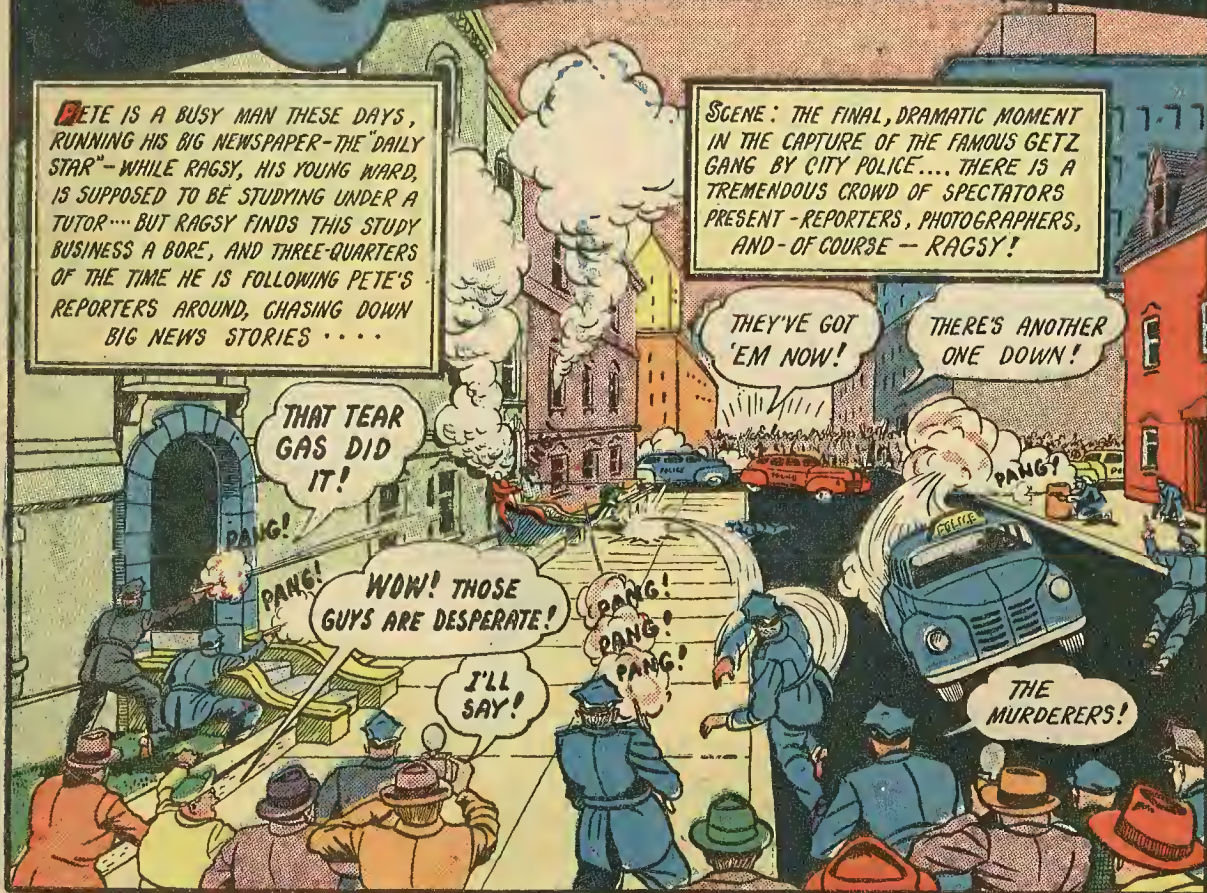
**TARGET COMICS**



# PETE STOCKBRIDGE- Alias "THE Chameleon"

**PETE** IS A BUSY MAN THESE DAYS, RUNNING HIS BIG NEWSPAPER-THE "DAILY STAR"-WHILE RAGSY, HIS YOUNG WARD, IS SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING UNDER A TUTOR.... BUT RAGSY FINDS THIS STUDY BUSINESS A BORE, AND THREE-QUARTERS OF THE TIME HE IS FOLLOWING PETE'S REPORTERS AROUND, CHASING DOWN BIG NEWS STORIES .....

SCENE: THE FINAL, DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE CAPTURE OF THE FAMOUS GETZ GANG BY CITY POLICE.... THERE IS A TREMENDOUS CROWD OF SPECTATORS PRESENT-REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND-OF COURSE--RAGSY!



AN HOUR LATER-WHEN PETE SEES THE PHOTOS OF THE AFFAIR ....

WELL I'LL BE - HOW DID THAT LITTLE MONKEY GET INTO THIS??

WE DON'T KNOW!

WE SNAPPED THAT SHOT OF THE REMAINS OF THE GANG-AND THERE HE WAS!!

Getz Gang.

THE PHOTO-



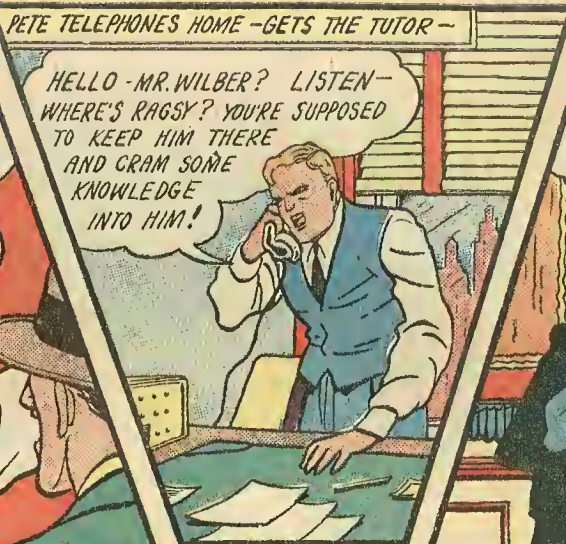




**THAT LITTLE SCAMP!**

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HOME STUDYING!! YOU BIRDS SHOULD SHOO HIM HOME WHEN HE TAGS AFTER YOU! BY GOSH - I'LL FIX HIM!

SORRY, BOSS!

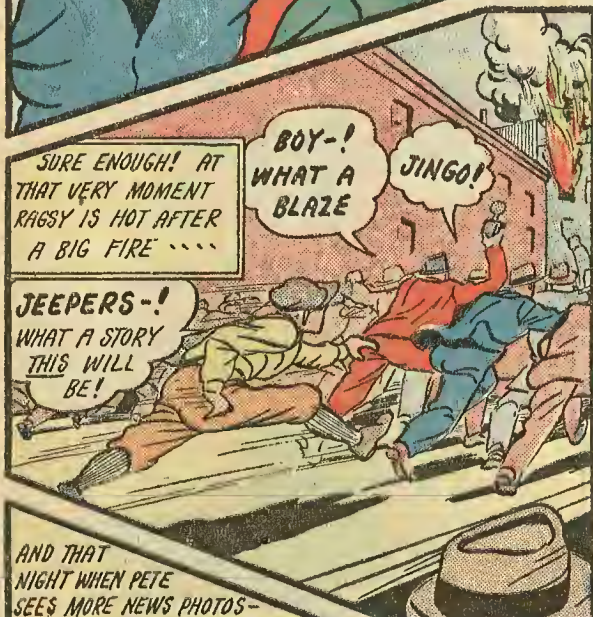


**PETE TELEPHONES HOME - GETS THE TUTOR -**

HELLO - MR. WILBER? LISTEN - WHERE'S RAGSY? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP HIM THERE AND CRAM SOME KNOWLEDGE INTO HIM!



HEAVEN KNOWS I TRY, MR. STOCKBRIDGE! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! JUST THE TOOT OF A FIRE WHISTLE - OR A POLICE CAR, AND HE'S OFF LIKE A SHOT OF LIGHTNING!



SURE ENOUGH! AT THAT VERY MOMENT RAGSY IS HOT AFTER A BIG FIRE ....

BOY-! WHAT A BLAZE

JINGO!

JEEPERS-! WHAT A STORY THIS WILL BE!

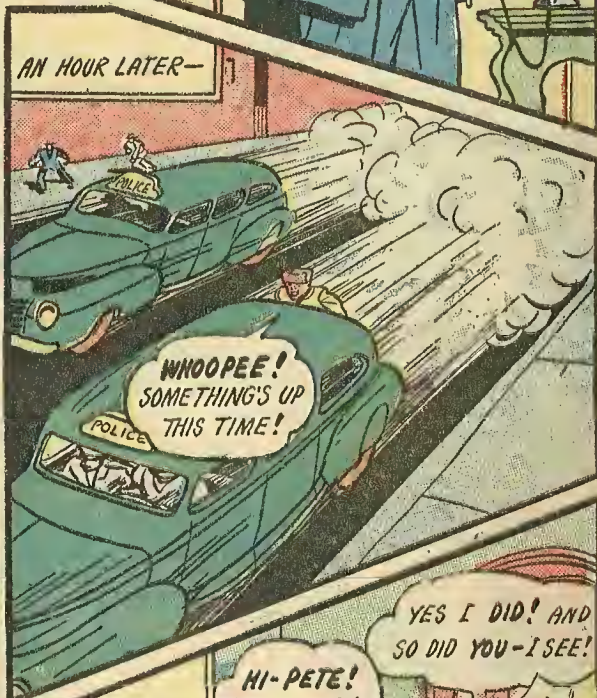
AND THAT NIGHT WHEN PETE SEES MORE NEWS PHOTOS -



LOOK AT THIS! THAT KID IS IN EVERY PICTURE!

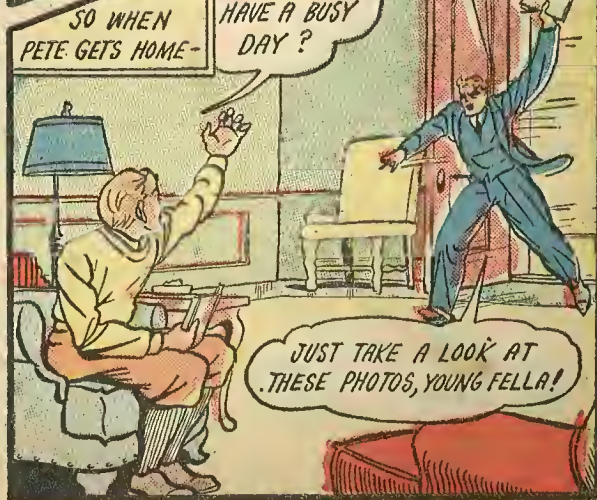
HE POPS UP EVERYWHERE - LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX!

WE COULDN'T HELP IT, BOSS!



**AN HOUR LATER -**

WHOOPEE! SOMETHING'S UP THIS TIME!



YES I DID! AND SO DID YOU - I SEE!

SO WHEN PETE GETS HOME -

HI - PETE! HAVE A BUSY DAY?

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THESE PHOTOS, YOUNG FELLA!



# THE PHOTOS —



EVERY PICTURE!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE PAPER REQUIRED TEN REPORTERS TO COVER ALL THESE EVENTS? AND YOU MANAGED TO GET TO ALL OF THEM ALONE!

SO, HOW MUCH TIME DID THAT LEAVE YOU TO STUDY? DARN LITTLE!

AW—

SO, FOR THE NEXT WEEK OR SO, RAGSY IS GOOD—SUFFERS THROUGH MR. WILBER'S DRY TEACHINGS ....

"THIS BAY, KNOWN AS THE 'TAPPAN ZEE'—IS A SPOT—RAGSY! ATTENTION!"

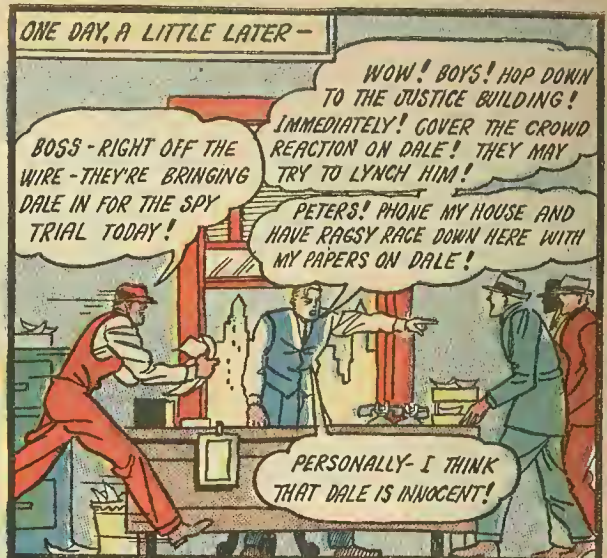
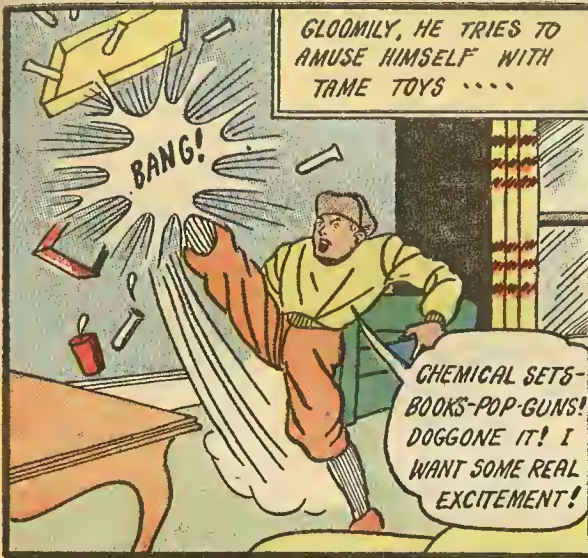
I'M LISTENING—GO AHEAD—GO AHEAD! HO-HUM!!

"AW— NOTHING!"

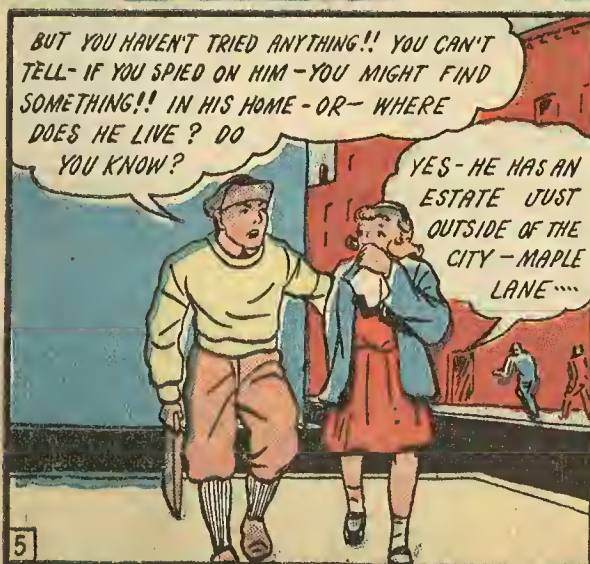
RAGSY, FROM NOW ON, I FORBID YOU TO CHASE AFTER THE REPORTERS! YOU DRIVE THEM CRAZY—AND BESIDES, IT'S TOO DARN DANGEROUS! UNDERSTAND?

AW— I GUESS SO—











ONE HALF-HOUR LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT DENTZ'S HOUSE....



FINDING AN OPEN WINDOW, THE PAIR STEAL INSIDE....

GOSH- THIS IS DANGEROUS!



THEY TIP-TOE THROUGH THE HALLS—



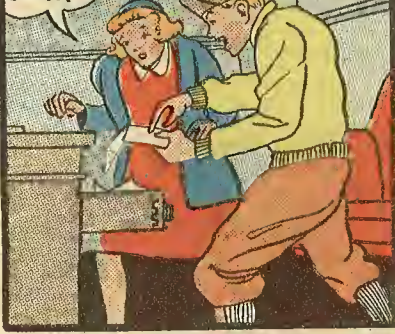
GOSH- I'M SCARED!

AH! HERE'S THE STUDY-LET'S GO THROUGH THAT DESK!



**LOOK AT THIS!** ORDERS FROM A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT! ORDERS TO DENTZ TO BLOW UP THE DIX FACTORY! THAT GUY MUST BE CRAZY—NOT TO HAVE DESTROYED THIS!

GEE WHIZ! OH GOSH!



BUT RAGSY AND THE GIRL ARE MISTAKEN ABOUT BEING ALONE IN THE HOUSE.... AT THAT VERY MINUTE, DENTZ AND HIS SUBORDINATES ARE IN THE CELLAR SENDING SHORT-WAVE MESSAGES....



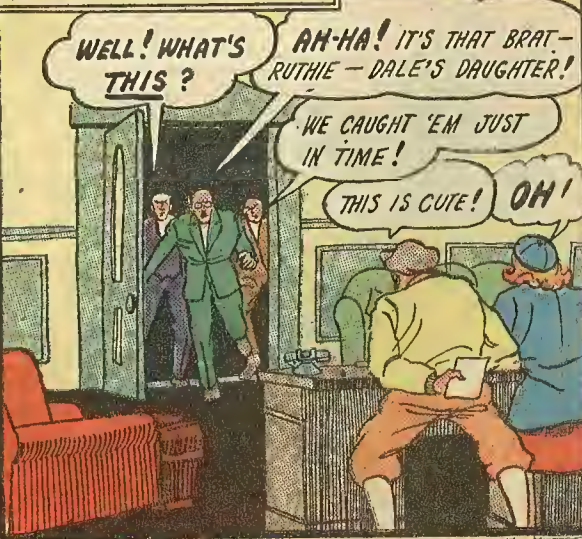
THE MEN RUSH UP-STAIRS—

WELL! WHAT'S THIS?

AM-HA! IT'S THAT BRAT-RUTHIE—DALE'S DAUGHTER!

WE CAUGHT 'EM JUST IN TIME!

THIS IS CUTE! OH!





QUICKLY, RAGSY STUFFS THE DOCUMENT INTO HIS POCKET----

WE JUST DROPPED IN FOR TEA-- AND--

THE MEN RUSH FORWARD--

GRAB 'EM!

LITTLE SNOOPS - PRYING INTO MY DESK, EH--?

OUCH!

SLOW UP, MISTER!

SPLASH!

RAGSY SLAMS AN INKWELL AT ONE MAN --

-THEN DUCKS, AS ANOTHER MAN LUNGES AT HIM --

BANG!

CMERE -- YOU LITTLE WEASEL!

YOU CATCH ME, PAL!

THEN THEY DO CATCH HIM!

HA! NOW WE GOT HIM!

I'LL STRANGLE THE LITTLE WRETCH!!

WE GOT THE GIRL!

GET SOME ROPE! WE'LL TIE THE BRATS UP!

LET ME GO - YOU - YOU SPIES!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM ??  
**HOLD STILL!**

IN A MINUTE, BOTH ARE TIED HAND AND FOOT----

WHAT'S THAT, CHIEF?

WELL-WELL! THIS IS FINE! THE "STAR" PAPERS ON DALE! GOOD TESTIMONY FOR HIM! WE'LL LOOK IT OVER--THEN WE'LL BURN IT!!



LEFT ALONE, RAGSY TRIES TO GET LOOSE---

NOW WE'RE IN A FIX!!  
GOSH, RAGSY - WHAT CAN WE DO?

HERE - TWIST AROUND AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET AT THIS ROPE - GET IT LOOSE! HURRY!

SUDDENLY HIS HANDS ARE FREE----

THERE!

BOY! NICE WORK, RUTHIE! NOW-WHERE'S THAT PHONE?

HE UNTIES HIS FEET - THEN -

HELLO-!! HELLO!  
OPERATOR - OPERATOR!

OOOO-HURRY, RAGSY!

BUT DENTZ BECOMES SUSPICIOUS AGAIN----

WHERE YOU GOING?

THOSE KIDS - I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING -

HE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, SNATCHES THE PHONE FROM RAGSY'S HAND ----

HA! YOU LITTLE SNAKE! I THOUGHT SO!

OH, NERTS - YOU AGAIN!

HIS VIOLENCE JERKS THE WIRES LOOSE FROM THE BOX----

THERE! YOU WON'T FOOL WITH THAT AGAIN!

HE THEN RETIES RAGSY'S BONDS----

NOW - STAY THERE!!

OUCH!

BANG!

RAGSY - RAGSY! ARE YOU HURT?

NO - I'M JUST THINKING - THOSE TWO RAW WIRES FROM THE PHONE LINE - MAYBE IF I TOUCHED 'EM TOGETHER IN THE MORSE CODE, THEY'D REGISTER AT A SWITCHBOARD SOMEWHERE!

BY GOSH - I'M GOING TO TRY IT!



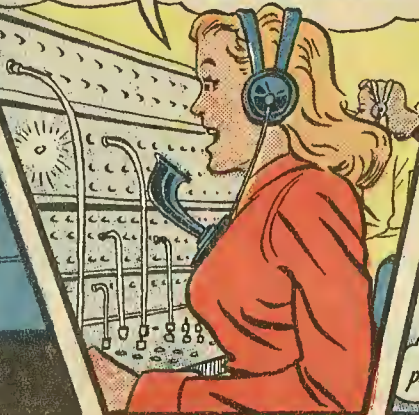
STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET, RAGSY BEGINS TO TAP OUT A MESSAGE WITH THE WIRES.

LET'S SEE NOW- DASH- DOT- DASH- DASH- DOT-



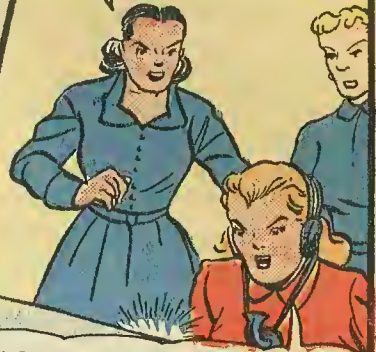
IMMEDIATELY, A LIGHT IN THE CENTRAL SWITCH-BOARD OFFICE BEGINS TO BLINK....

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS FUNNY! THAT'S THE MORSE CODE! OH-SUPERVISOR!



THE SUPERVISOR COMES UP ....

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS CODE!! TAKE IT DOWN! QUICKLY!



-MAPLE-LANE-TELL-PETER-STOCKBRIDGE-GOSH!

MEANWHILE-IN HIS OFFICE-PETE IS FRANTICALLY WORRIED ABOUT RAGSY...

THAT LITTLE DEVIL! THREE HOURS AGO-I TOLD HIM TO BRING ME THAT BRIEF-CASE! I'LL-



HELLO WHAT? CENTRAL? WHAT? CODE MESSAGE! YES! HOLY COW! ALL RIGHT-SHOOT!

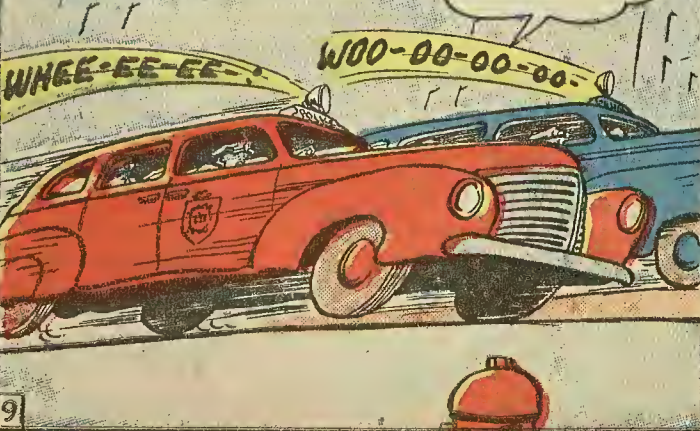


JUMPING CHRISTOPHER! IT'S THE KID! HE'S BEEN CAPTURED BY SPIES! GET THE POLICE-THE RIOT SQUAD! HURRY! I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG!



TEN MINUTES LATER, PETE IS DIRECTING A STRONG FORCE OF POLICE AND AGENTS OUT TO MAPLE LANE ....

STEP ON IT!

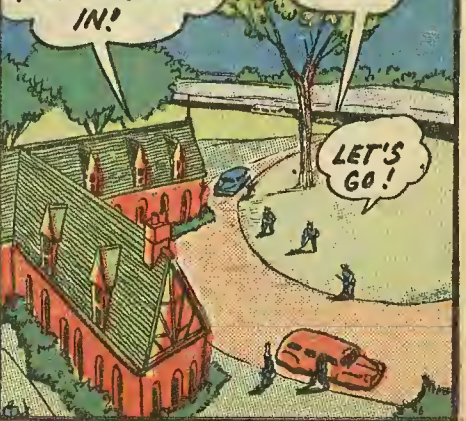


AND IN NO TIME DENTZ'S HOUSE IS SURROUNDED ....

OKAY, MEN! START CLOSING IN!

AND DON'T HESITATE TO SHOOT!

LET'S GO!





TRAPPED, DENTZ AND HIS MEN BEGIN TO SHOOT IT OUT...



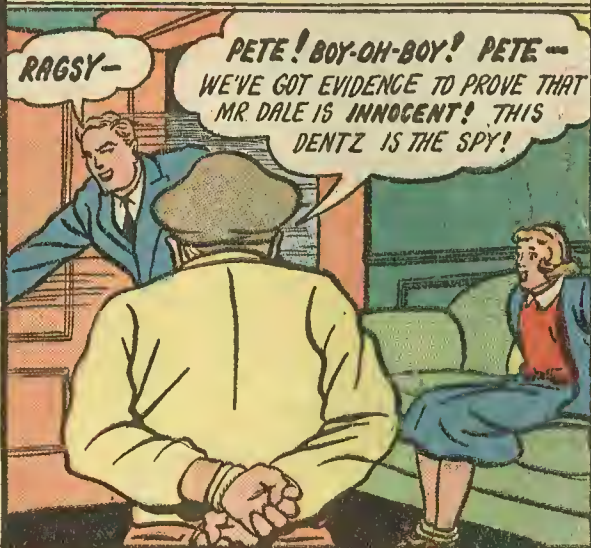
PETE AND THE POLICE CRASH IN A REAR DOOR...



ONCE ENTRY IS MADE, THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND SWEET...



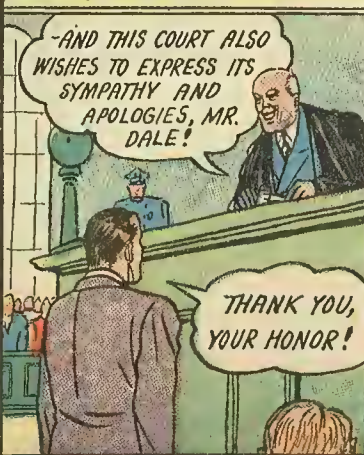
A FEW MINUTES LATER, PETE BURSTS INTO THE STUDY...



RAGSY PRODUCES HIS DOCUMENT...



A FEW DAYS LATER - ON THE STRENGTH OF THIS EVIDENCE, ARNOLD DALE IS COMPLETELY EXONERATED, AND SET FREE ....

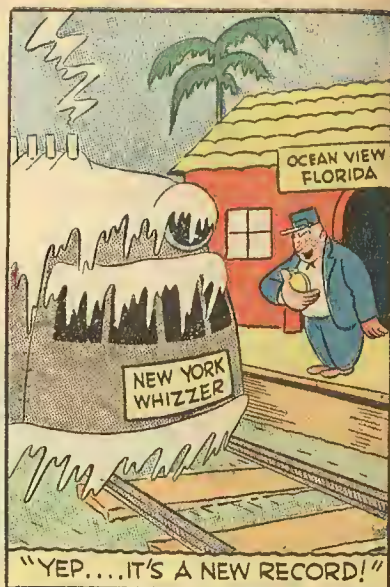


LATER-



NEXT MONTH - ANOTHER BANG-UP YARN ABOUT PETE AND RAGSY - IN - **TARGET!**









# BIG NEW DICTIONARY

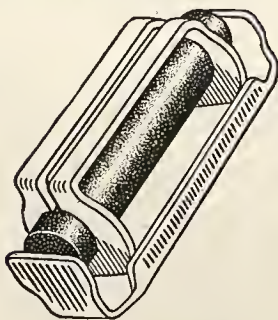
ONLY **30¢**

## SHARP SKATES

### FOR GREATER SPEED!

Pocket-sized for convenience, this handy 2" Skote Sharpener will keep your blades keen and glistening. Illustrated instructions for using are included.

Na. MO-147 .....**30c**



## U. S. ARMY PLANES USE SAME PLASTIC

The slick plastic from which REX RISTLITE is designed is used in new experimental fighting planes. Ristlite attaches to wrist, belt or foot button. Throws 500 ft. beam.

No. MO-202 (with batteries) .....**98c**



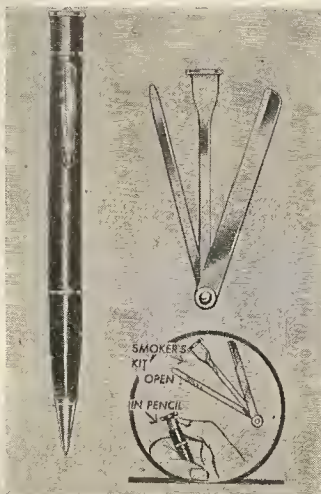
a flashlight that  
gives you  
**FREE USE OF  
BOTH HANDS!**

## A SWELL GIFT FOR MEN IN SERVICE

or

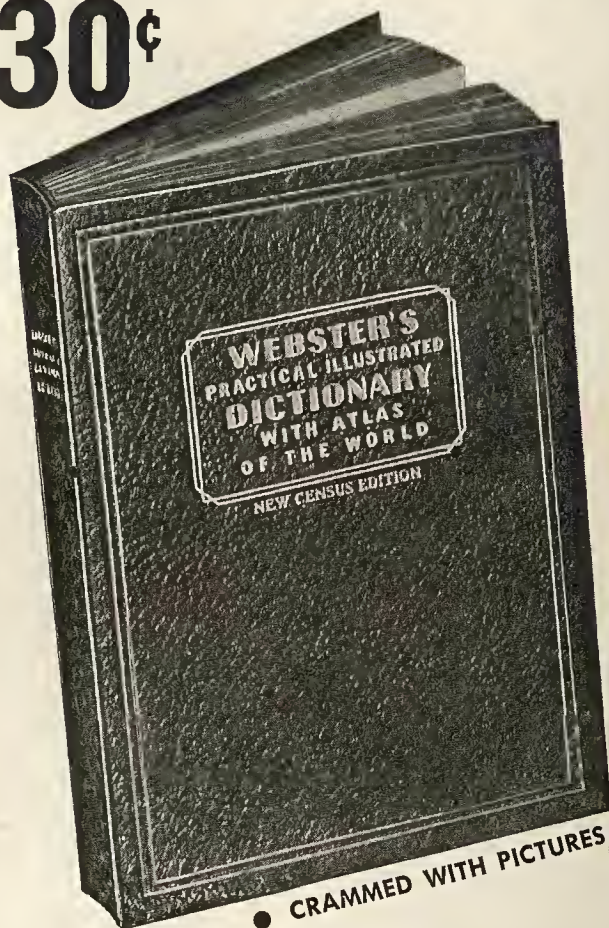
A BIRTHDAY  
PRESENT  
FOR DAD—  
BUY NOW  
AND GIVE  
LATER.

## PIPE SMOKER'S COMPANION PENCIL



This handsome block pencil contains smoker's kit in upper section which may be released by a flip of the finger. Features of kit include steel tamper for packing tobacco in pipe bowl; reamer for cleaning stem (reamer also acts as cigar piercer); scraper for cleaning bowl.

Na. MO-208 .....**\$1.00**



● CRAMMED WITH PICTURES

● JAMMED WITH FACTS

## THIRTY-TWO FULL COLOR MAPS FOR LOCATING WORLD ACTION CENTERS

Every up-and-coming boy who is interested in some particular branch of work or hobby will want this 394-page reference book always handy in his room. In addition to 40,000 word meanings and 192 pictures, it has 14 sections containing varied interesting information. Cover of smart-looking black simulated leather stamped with gold lettering.

Na. MO-209 .....**30c**

—GIVE ARTICLE NUMBER—PUT COINS BETWEEN CARDBOARD.

EASY TO ORDER



Send Your Order and Remittance to

**Treasure House** Dept.

115 West 19th Street  
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.



Customers living outside the United States must remit in U.S. currency only and must pay all duty charges on delivery of merchandise.



# 4 MOST

## comics

SPRING  
ISSUE

10¢

# BACK AGAIN BY POPULAR DEMAND

## The FOREMOST MAGAZINE

containing the  
**FOUR MOST**  
Popular Characters  
from its  
companion magazines,  
**TARGET** and **BLUE BOLT**  
... COMICS ...

**64** fast-action pages of  
these **FOUR COMIC STARS!**

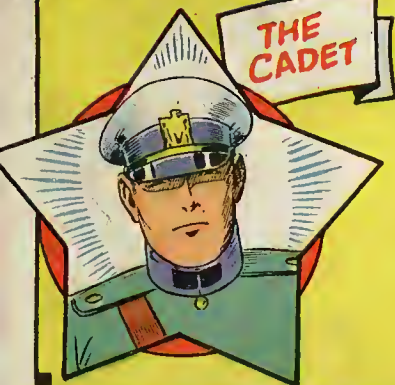
Be among the  
**FORTUNATE!**

Buy Your Copy **NOW!**  
at your  
Favorite Newsstand!

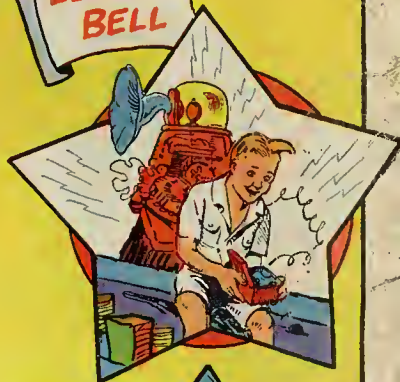
DICK  
COLE



THE  
CADET



EDISON  
BELL



TARGETEERS



On Sale about March 5th!

10¢